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THE RAKE

THE MODERN VOICE OF CLASSIC ELEGANCE

CARY ELWES

Everything we wished for

THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF THE HABANOS FESTIVAL

WHERE TO STAY: FROM L.A. TO SHANGHAI

DIAGEO'S CASKS OF DISTINCTION

Plus
BREITLING
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YACHT-MASTER 42

ROLEX

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Indiana Jones was that rare bird, an academic action hero. But what about that hat...

Letter from the Founder

There are three things I love about Cary Elwes. The first is that he met his wife at a chilli cook-off in Malibu. The second is that he got into a heated battle with Ted Cruz, who is a huge *Princess Bride* fan, and went Dread Pirate Roberts on his ass by raising $4m for Wisconsin Democrats. And the third is that, in an act of patriarchal self-mockery, he played Ebenezer Scrooge, a character based on John Elwes, one of Cary's ancestors from the 18th century, and a legendary miser.

But of Cary's many *accomplishments*, the one I most admire is the moment he convinced the most beautiful woman ever to grace God's green Earth — Robin Wright as Princess Buttercup — to fall in love with him and ride into the sunset side by side. As far as superhuman achievements go, there is none higher. Cary Elwes, Dread Pirate Roberts, Westley: I bow to you, sir.

I cannot overstate how much I love *The Princess Bride*. Written by William Goldman, of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* fame (who can forget the line, "Boy, I got vision, and the rest of the world wears bifocals"), and directed by Rob Reiner (between his masterpieces *Stand by Me* and *When Harry Met Sally*), *The Princess Bride* made me believe in love. It made me believe in the epic star-crossed inevitability of it. Something I forgot about until recently.

If you know me, you'll be aware of my addiction to a form of indoor-cycling-masochism known as spinning. So much so that there are spin studios in every civilised urban metropolis I frequent, and instructors thereabouts I love. In New York there is Janet Fitzgerald, aka @spinpimp — a SoulCycle O.G. and master trainer. In Paris there is Gabriel Seibel, aka @seibel, at Dynamo. What do I love so much about spin class? Firstly, it's the only form of hardcore cardiovascular exercise that doesn't beat your joints into smithereens that you can complete in 45 minutes. I used to road-cycle, but to get a proper work-out it requires at least two hours. Secondly, there is the music. Thirdly, if properly conducted, there is the journey of catharsis that accompanies the spin session that helps me keep my shit together. So when Singapore's first spin studio opened, I was seriously stoked. As a devout masochist it didn't take me long to gravitate to the hardest class taught by one of the studio owners — the beautiful and intimidating Bebe Ding. After each session of cardio flagellation, like any good student I would try to approach her to receive some positive affirmation regarding my performance. But each time I said "good class" to her, she would grunt, "Thanks", glare at me coldly, and walk away. This continued for close to nine years. Each time I finished the class and said something fumblingly positive, she would grunt "thanks", glare at me coldly, and walk away. Which reminds me of the part in *The Princess Bride* when Dread Pirate Roberts says to Westley, for many years: "Good work. Sleep well. I'll most probably kill you in the morning."

Finally during Covid I got divorced and acquired a truly magnificent dachshund named Bandit to keep me company. After a series of disastrous, near-homicidal encounters as a result of Tinder, I reconciled myself to living alone in my remaining years, entering the winter of my life with only my trusty dachshund by my side. Then one day I got a message from Bebe inviting me to participate in a CruCycle shoot. A few years ago they made me an ambassador, presumably to demonstrate that a man of my advanced years could participate in spinning without suffering a cardiac arrest. Due to the effects of the pandemic, they had created their own home bike, and needed to shoot at least one old non-dead man using it. Which was me. I negotiated a clause to allow me to take Bandit to the shoot, and implored her to be on her best behaviour. The shoot went well, and Bebe and Bandit seemed to get on swimmingly. So much so that I was trying to summon the courage to ask her out when Bandit let loose a tsunami of dog-pee on the white carpet of the studio. Bebe and I began cleaning the mess furiously. I was so flustered I rushed out after barely speaking to her.

Later that evening, with an indomitable though slightly incontinent dachshund by my side, I messaged Bebe to apologise. At some point I wrote, "Perhaps I can invite you to dinner as a form of apology". There was no response for an excruciatingly long moment. Then the word "O.K." appeared. As we were still in the pandemic I organised the meal at my office. Bebe brought along her handsome husky, whom Bandit immediately set about harassing. As we sat down at the dining table I had to ask, "You know, I've been taking your spin class for almost 10 years. In that time I always tried to talk to you afterwards. Just to get some positive reinforcement. But you would always glare at me, grunt, and walk away. I need to know, is there something I did to offend you?" Bebe looked at me for a moment and said, "Well, if you must know, I've had a crush on you for 10 years." I think William Goldman himself couldn't have written a better line.

— Wei Koh, Founder
@wei_koh_revolution

RICHARD MILLE

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RICHARD MILLE

A Racing Machine On The Wrist

It might be a slightly celluloid-tinted view of the world, but my imagination for travel was fired by Indiana Jones. In fact, my youthful exploits should probably be summarised as 'dangerous outside the classroom'. I last watched these films as a trilogy feature at 34,000 feet, en route to Dubai, where I was to fulfil my duties as best man to my twin brother. Yes, there are two of me — and what adventures Joe and I used to have, prompted by the escapades of the whip-bearing archaeologist. Back then, Indy was the leading man from a plethora of films with occult and gruesome themes (a culture that also included *The Goonies* and *Young Sherlock Holmes*). Out of these movies came remarkably imaginative boys with dark senses of humour. The trouble with growing up is that you are in danger of growing apart from some people, but Joe's wedding (and the in-flight entertainment) showed me that despite my living far away from my brother, as we pursue our separate grown-up adventures, we are still close. And it brings me much comfort to know this.

Indiana Jones continues to play an important part in my imagination. The films are also worth watching again for anyone with even a fleeting interest in style. The original trilogy is exceptionally well dressed. Indy's bow-tie with tweed three-piece is one thing, but the navy-blue double-breasted suit at the end of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, or the wonderful white dinner jacket in *Temple of Doom*, or the iconic Herbert Johnson fedora, or Frau Schneider, or the pinstriped Mr. Kazim, or the Nehru-collared Chattar Lal — they are all emotive and have become seminal. All these adventures I dream about shall likely remain as such, but amid the fantasies at least the clothes will be perfect.

Welcome, then, to our travel issue. In some ways this is just a regular issue of *The Rake* — for if you don't regularly expect tales of adventure and lives lived without compromise, or of high creativity and roads less travelled, we have failed in our mission.

First, though, our cover star. Cary Elwes doesn't have an easy task in following King Charles on *The Rake*'s cover, so he deserves our admiration in rising to the challenge. I wanted Cary on the cover not because we look alike but because he is a man who has cult status. In fact, I'd wager that a hefty proportion of you reading this are experiencing that intense feeling we all get in our advanced years: nostalgia. Cary's was the face of my childhood: *The Princess Bride*, *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*, *Twister, Hot Shots!*, *Days of Thunder*, *Bram Stoker's Dracula* and *Liar Liar*. These days he is enjoying similar success, in *Stranger Things*, *Operation Fortune: Ruse de Guerre*, and the forthcoming *Mission: Impossible* and *The Ministry of Ungentlemanly Warfare*. I was lucky enough to get Cary's take on this late-career purple patch.

As for travel, there is a lot to sink your teeth into. You'll read about my trip to Cuba for the Habanos Festival in February. Georgie Fenn recovered from her coronation knees-up and went to Scotland to experience the finest examples of Diageo's Scotch whisky (page 60). And on a more practical note, we asked several writers from around the world to choose their best places to stay, from L.A. to Shanghai.

There is plenty more in this issue: a terrific reflection by Ed Cripps on the marriage between Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward; a review of the latest Watches and Wonders convention by Justin Hast; and, in our Wisdom column, an interview with Hugo Burnand, the man chosen as official photographer to King Charles's coronation.

Annually I bid you read the travel issue while reclining somewhere in peace. There is so little time for reading for pleasure in a world in which our phones constantly demand our attention. If we can help break the cycle even for one of you, I shall feel as though a difference has been made.

Enjoy the issue!

— Tom Chamberlin, Editor-in-Chief
@tfchamberlin

KIM LANG

BREITLING

LÉON BREITLING
1860-1914

WILLY BREITLING
1913-1979

GASTON BREITLING
1884-1927

HERITAGE REVIVED

PRESENTED BY
THE FOUNDERS SQUAD

SCAN TO SEE THE
BREITLING FOUNDERS
IN ACTION

Contributors

kurt iswarienko

Kurt, a photographer born in the blue-collar creative breeding ground of Akron, Ohio, and raised in Argentina and Mexico, was influenced by the eclectic cultural and geographical contrasts he experienced when he travelled as a boy. He picked up a camera for the first time while working as a lighting technician on film sets in Hollywood, and his cinematically driven eye found its niche working within the static frame. Known for drawing emotionally charged narrative performances from his subjects, and a visually sculpted lighting style, he has photographed everyone from Oprah Winfrey to Brad Pitt, and created media campaigns with many diverse brands. Kurt's portfolio with *The Rake* also grows apace — he has returned to shoot Cary Elwes, the star of *The Princess Bride*, for our cover and accompanying story (page 72).

ed cripps

By day, Ed develops T.V. drama for New Pictures, the production company behind *The Missing*, Netflix's *The Innocents*, and HBO's Catherine the Great, starring Dame Helen Mirren. His previous credits include *Episodes*, *Fresh Meat* and *Succession*. As an arts journalist, he has written for Mr Porter, *Little White Lies*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, and the *Telegraph*. His piece on *The South Bank Show* came second in *The Observer*'s Anthony Burgess prize. We are delighted to welcome Ed back to these pages, where his leading contribution to this issue could be called a labour of love: a wise and gripping appreciation of the unusually successful Hollywood marriage between Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward (page 86).

charlie thomas

Charlie, a former staff writer at *The Rake*, is a freelance journalist with bylines in *The Times*, the *London Evening Standard*, *Esquire*, Culture Trip and *GQ* Middle East. He covers a wide array of subjects, from travel and culture to all things automotive. Charlie's style of writing and photography is empathetic and unobtrusive yet revealing, and his endeavours for this issue of the magazine have been immense and invaluable. He interviewed the English actor Joe Cole for our Rake-in-Progress feature, and Simon Berg, an aesthete personally invested in the future of Swedish menswear, for our Pocket Guide column. And in between his latest raves — this time in Ibiza — Charlie made sure to hang out with the island's eponymous hound, and got plenty of fascinating material about its peripatetic existence (page 54).

justin hast

For more than a decade Justin has worked in the watch world as a presenter, writer and consultant, having reported for Hodinkee, Monochrome Watches and Mr Porter, and collaborated on various projects with IWC, Vacheron Constantin and Ressence. He co-founded *The Watch Annual* in 2020 as a community print project, and is thrilled to report it is now in its fourth year, having also raised thousands of pounds for charity. But all you really need to know is that he's a watch geek at heart, and is on a mission to inspire the next generation of watch lovers. Turn immediately to page 140 for his latest homily, in which he gives us the lowdown on his top-10 timepieces from this year's Watches and Wonders show.

Terry double-breasted blazer, navy cotton shirt and neckerchief, all **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; sunglasses, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

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The Rake is published six times a year by The Rake Pte Ltd.
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MCI (P) 011/01/2021 PPS 1830/03/2014(025559) ISSN: 1793-7914

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PIERLESS; **REGULAR JOE;** JOHNNY'S GOT HIS GUN; **SIMON SAYS;** SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND; **THE VOICE OF DOG;** PERFECT.

GETTY IMAGES

A portrait of Pier Paolo Pasolini by Harry Croner.

GETTY IMAGES

THE ARTIST'S LIFE AND THE MEANING OF DEATH

Pier Paolo Pasolini was one of the most influential and controversial filmmakers of the 20th century. His brutal murder left an intellectual space in western culture that has not been filled since.

by ***stuart husband***

On November 23, 1975, Pier Paolo Pasolini's last movie premiered at the Paris Film Festival, and immediately garnered a reputation as the most gruelling, and least watchable, motion picture entertainment of all time. *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*, took the lubricious catalogue of torture and depravity lovingly detailed in the Marquis de Sade's infamous 1785 novel and transposed it to Mussolini's Italy, where a group of eminent libertines confines a group of teenagers in a villa and subjects them to... well, here are some 'highlights' from the film's Wikipedia page: "Three-way intercourse... eating his faeces with a spoon... the President leaves to masturbate... branding, hanging, scalping, burning."

"Literally nauseous," read one review; *Mary Poppins*, this clearly wasn't.

Pasolini wasn't around to see the film's unveiling or the appalled reaction; his mutilated body had been found in a vacant lot in Ostia, a suburb of Rome, three weeks before. The assumed killer was a 17-year-old hustler that the 53-year-old had apparently cruised. People were quick to attribute a death wish to Pasolini, which *Salò* made abundantly, lip-smackingly manifest ("He has become the victim of his own characters," opined his fellow director Michelangelo Antonioni). But while he was disgusted with the direction post-war Italy had taken — he saw the country's boom as an irreversible blight, turning the masses into mindless consumers and creating a slavish monoculture — Pasolini was no nihilist. In fact, he'd spent his life wriggling free of any -isms that would claim him for their own. A lapsed Catholic who never lost his religious worldview (and who made one of the most reverent films about Christ), and a lifelong Marxist who was expelled from the Communist Party for being gay, Pasolini was a true artist and contrarian who set out not to flatten his contradictions but to embrace them fully. With a gift for polemic and a taste, if not relish, for scandal, he was routinely hauled up on blasphemy and obscenity charges (with the Vatican leading the charge) and regularly lambasted by all shades of the political spectrum. In this light, *Salò*'s equation of consumerism with fascism was merely his most audacious effort at giving *les bourgeoisie* a comprehensive épater-ing, and those who've endured its 116-minute running time have since re-evaluated it. "It's a beautiful film," says John Waters, one of many directors — Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Derek Jarman, Michael Haneke, Abel Ferrara, Gus van Sant, and Gaspar Noé among them — who've cited it as an influence on their own work. Waters adds: "It uses obscenity in an intelligent way. And it's about the pornography of power."

Pasolini was no nihilist. He spent his life wriggling free of any -isms that would claim him for their own.

Pasolini's impact as a filmmaker is in inverse proportion to the brevity with which he practised it — a mere 14 years. He was born in Bologna, the son of an army officer, whose re-postings necessitated a peripatetic childhood; he found refuge in literature, first writing poetry while living in his mother's native Friuli province, near the border with Austria and the then Yugoslavia, then establishing himself as a novelist in his thirties with 1955's *The Ragazzi* and 1959's *A Violent Life*, in whose tales of brutish street life in the slums of Rome he formed his own distinctive voice — gritty, fatalistic, almost flip — and developed his pugilistic skills when the books were traduced by the right, who attempted to censor them, and the left, who complained that the working-class characters weren't exalted enough (Pasolini's repeated willingness to put up his dukes made him that rare thing: a public intellectual who was loved more by the public than by other intellectuals).

Pasolini came to cinema after Federico Fellini asked him

Above: Pasolini and actress Antonella Lualdi attend a cocktail party.

Below: In a water taxi with the Italian actress Anna Magnani.

Left: Pasolini in Rome.
Right: At home in Rome in 1966.

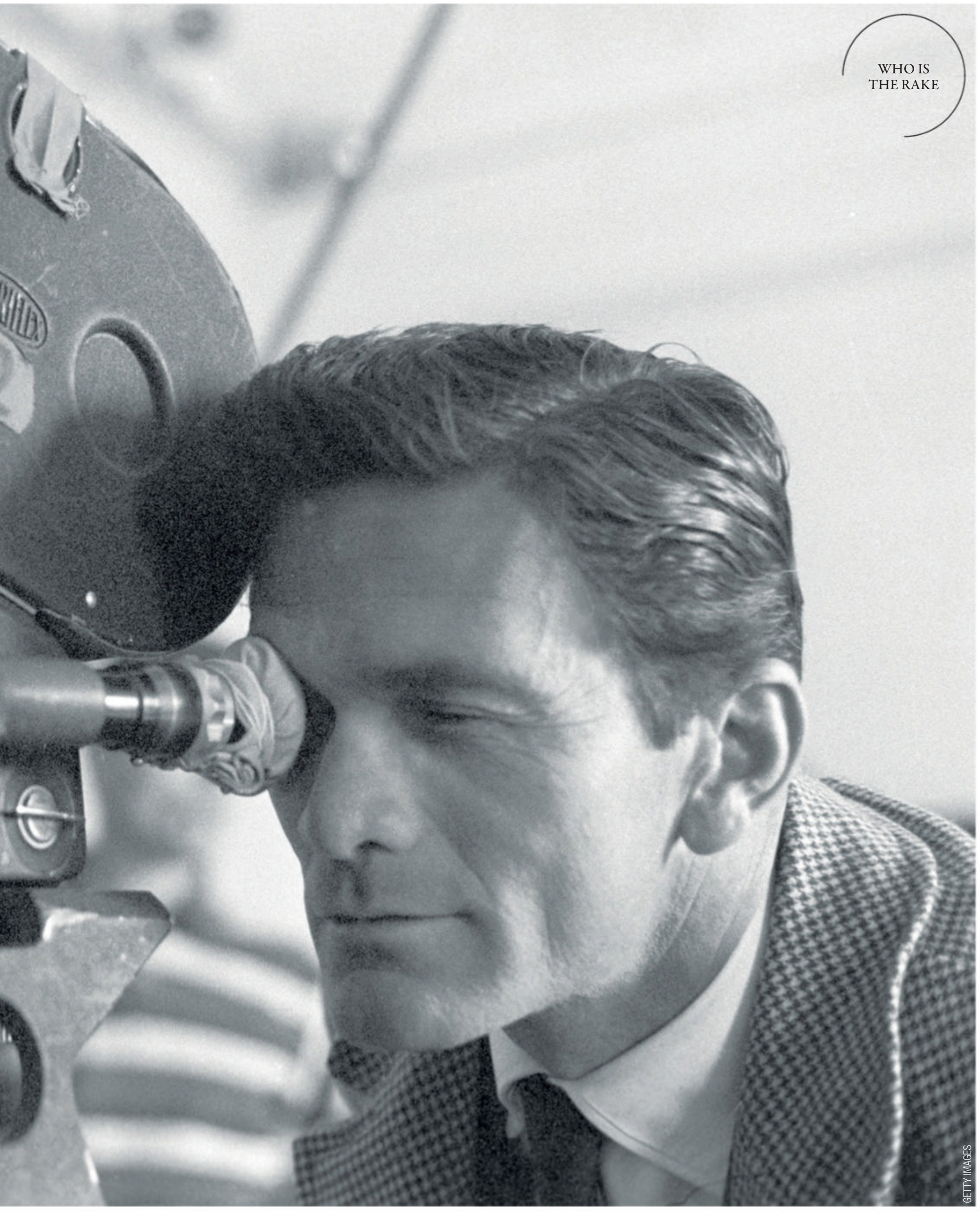
GETTY IMAGES

to refine the dialogue for *Le Notti di Cabiria*; he saw it as an expressive and flexible form, a language that, as he put it, "writes reality with reality". The films he made ping-pong wildly through a range of styles and tones — often in the same feature — mirroring their maker's restless, radically idiosyncratic spirit. His early features — *Accattone* (1961) and the following year's *Mamma Roma*, shot in vérité style in the shantytowns of Rome and starring mainly the non-professionals Pasolini preferred over trained actors ("My difficulty lies in the fact that I'm not a professional director, and in this sense, I'm not capable of working with actors," he once said) — go beyond the neo-realism of the time to invoke aspects of both the sacred and the erotic (the latter tendency reached its apogee in 1968's *Theorem*, in which Pasolini temporarily overcame his antipathy to actors to cast Terence Stamp as a kind of disrupting angel who seduces every member of a stolid middle-class family; he reads Rimbaud's poetry while Pasolini focuses intently on his crotch). *Pigsty* (1969) — an allegory on the dead-ends of ideology and a comedy as pitch-black as it has to be when it incorporates cannibalism and bestiality — was a dry-run for *Salò*, both in terms of its scabrous critique of bourgeois morality — "I killed my father, I ate human flesh, and I quiver with joy," says the 'hero', famously, in what became the film's tagline — and also in the baffled-to-sickened reception it received. On the other hand, 1964's *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* is, according to one critic, "one of the few Biblically inspired films to rank as a masterpiece". Its reverential portrait of a revolutionary Jesus not only pulled off the trick of uniting Christians and Marxists in approbation, but also disarmed the premiere audience at the Venice Film Festival, who arrived primed to heckle but left after awarding the director a standing ovation (though not all were as tickled as Pasolini with the fact he'd cast his own mother as the Virgin Mary). Pasolini was at pains to stress that his provocations weren't motivated by an adolescent desire to shock: "I am not interested in deconsecrating. This is a fashion I hate, it is petit bourgeois. I want to reconsecrate things as much as possible, I want to re-mythicise them."

"My difficulty is that I'm not a professional director, and in this sense I'm not capable of working with actors."

In the late sixties and early seventies, Pasolini revelled in his unique position as Italian culture's cause célèbre and bête noire, equal parts Jean-Luc Godard, Bernard-Henri Lévy, and whichever guy it was who directed *Cannibal Holocaust*. He frequently appeared on Italian T.V., where audiences noted his moody good looks — with his haunted eyed, chiselled cheekbones, and shock of jet-black hair, he resembled a defrocked priest or film-noir anti-hero — and his penchant for raffish check-shirt-and-breezily-knotted-neckerchief combos. He published reams of political commentary

Pasolini on the set of the film *Accattone* in Rome, 1961.



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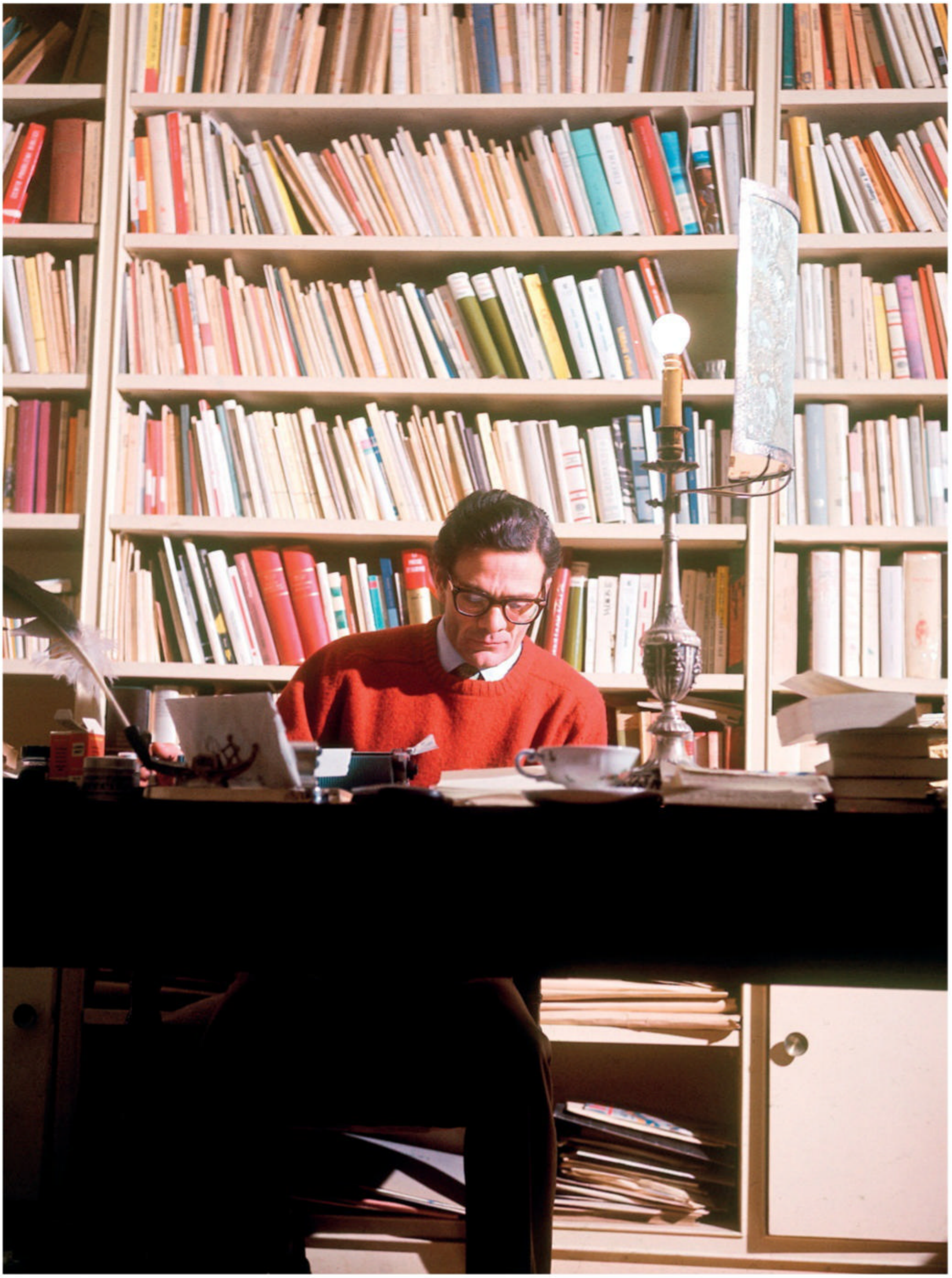

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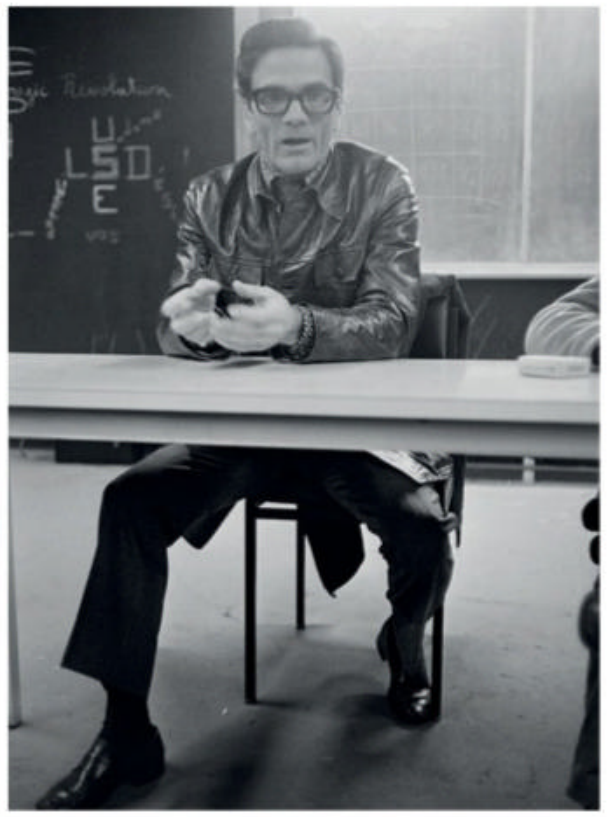
Above: Pasolini at the Cannes Film Festival in 1974.

Below: Pasolini and the actress Laura Betti present the movie *Accattone* in Paris.

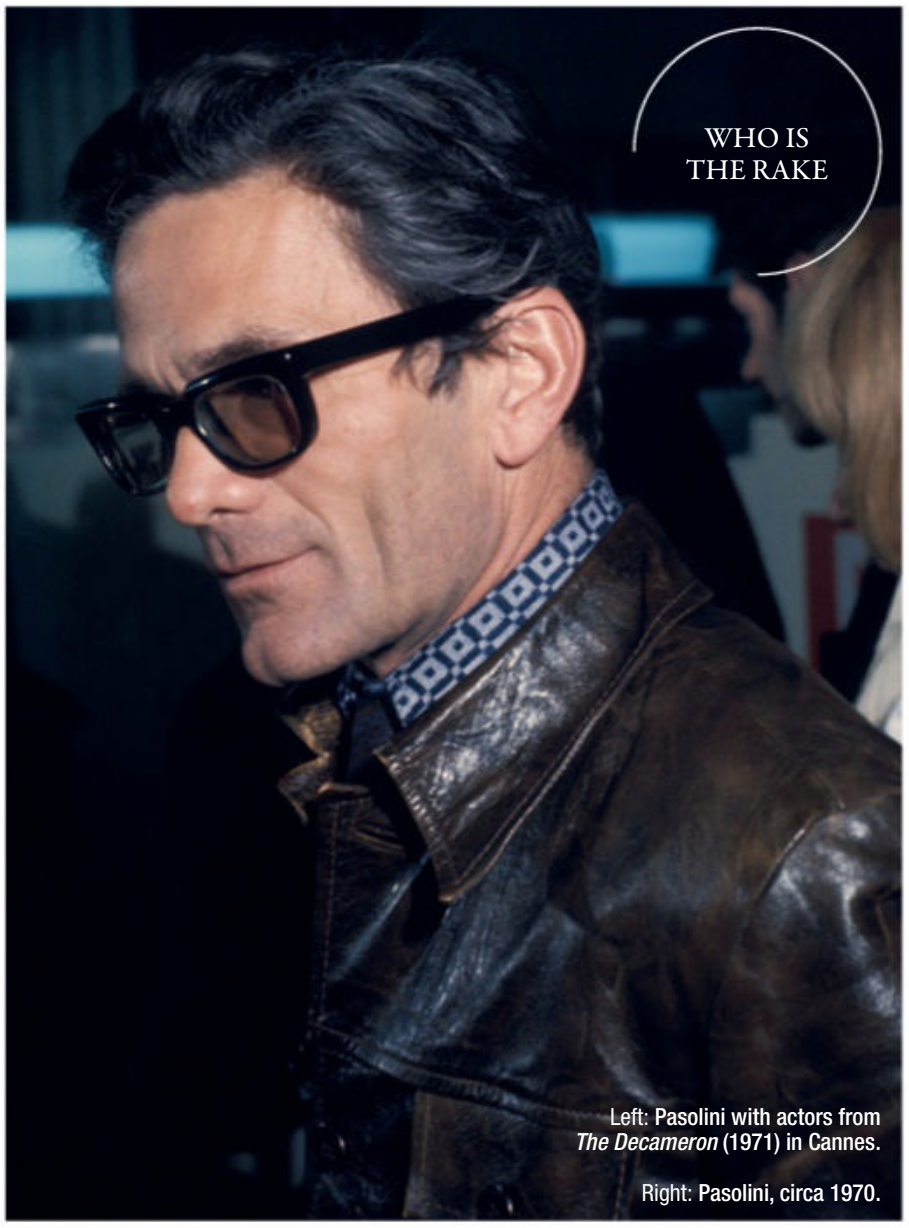
Pasolini during a break
on the set of *Accattone*.

GETTY IMAGES



Clockwise from top left: Pasolini on the set of *The Hunchback of Rome* (1960); giving a talk at a university; directing the singer Maria Callas in *Medea* (1969); during the shooting of *The Decameron*; on the set of *Porcile* (1969); and playing a Mexican in the film *Requiescant* (1967).

GETTY IMAGES



Left: Pasolini with actors from *The Decameron* (1971) in Cannes.

Right: Pasolini, circa 1970.

and literary theory, but his wish to 're-mythicise' was most clearly expressed in his celebrated cycle of three literary adaptations, all set in the Middle Ages: *The Decameron* (1971), *The Canterbury Tales* (1972) and *Arabian Nights* (1974). This 'trilogy of life', as Pasolini dubbed it, relished the characters' fight for freedom against the oppressive (read: proto-capitalist) strictures of their respective ages; each also found room for plenty of bawdy humour and Benny Hill-style slapstick. But — this being Italy, after all — the films inspired a wave of soft- and harder-core imitations that disgusted Pasolini: his "radical celebrations of carnal pleasure" had been exploited and re-sold as part of the capitalist-industrial complex that was homogenising the world. "I consider consumerism to be a worse form of fascism than the classic variety," he said in an explosive interview with *L'Espresso* magazine a few days before he died.

Motivated and inspired by this anger, Pasolini embarked on a new series, the 'trilogy of death', of which *Salò* was to be the first instalment (one can only imagine how he would have attempted to trump himself with parts II and III). His own death put paid to that, and initially seemed like an open and shut case — Pasolini had been availing himself of rough trade for years — but (this again being Italy) things have got murkier over the years. Giuseppe Pelosi, who was convicted of battering Pasolini to death and running him over in a stolen Alfa Romeo after, he alleged, the director indicated his willingness to sodomise him with a stick, retracted his confession, hinting at deep-state involvement by neo-fascist cells with links to the secret services. They were allegations that seemed all too plausible after the subsequent 'Years of Lead' in Italy, with 'kickback city' scandals and Mafia corruption infecting an entire political class, and the bombing of Bologna station, which killed 82, by the same unholy neo-fascist-intelligence alliance.

He would have shaken his head at the transactional age ushered in by the supremacy of the internet.

Whatever the truth, it's certain that, had he lived, Pasolini would have trained his implacable eye on the vagaries of modern Italy, stirring up trouble and making a ton of mischief. He would have shaken his head sagely at the transactional age ushered in by the supremacy of the internet. He had already predicted television's pernicious power in shaping the mogul-authoritarians of the modern era, not least Silvio Berlusconi (and what was 'bunga bunga' if not a less overtly torturous manifestation of the appetites that rampaged, like monsters of the id, through *Salò*?). Like his most extreme artistic statements, he would have staunchly resisted co-option and commodification to the last. "It is only at the point of death," he said mordantly in a 1967 interview, "that our life, to that point ambiguous, undecipherable, suspended, acquires a meaning."

SMALL LIGHT, BIG EXPECTATIONS

Joe Cole, one of the stars of the BBC's smash hit Peaky Blinders, tells THE RAKE *how he hopes to do justice to his toughest ever role — as the hero of an Anne Frank-inspired second world war drama.*

by **charlie thomas** *photography* **tomo brejc** *fashion direction* **grace gilfeather**

It didn't take long for Joe Cole's stock to rise. The London-born actor began his professional career in 2010, yet within three years he was starring in the BBC's Peaky Blinders. The show, created by Steven Knight, became one of the U.K.'s biggest television exports, propelling a number of young actors, including Cole, into the spotlight. It was violent, emotional, and at times haunting, with protagonists lamenting the loss of a family member in one scene before ruthlessly attacking another in the next. Cole, as John Shelby, was able to move deftly between intimidation, charm and stoicism. "When they call action, you just find yourself in it," he says, by way of explanation. "You're just in it."

Cole has since led a number of acclaimed projects. He received a Bafta nomination for his role in Black Mirror, starred as Harry Palmer in The Ipcress File — a role last played by Michael Caine — and took on the hard-nosed Sean Wallace in Gangs of London. In his latest work he appears alongside Bel Powley in A Small Light, a Disney+ drama about the real-life story of a Dutch couple who sheltered Anne Frank from the Nazis. Cole plays Jan Gies, a member of the Dutch resistance who, with his wife, Miep (Powley), helps hide Frank. Joe is at his emotional, conflicted best, showcasing his lighthearted side with a brooding intensity in what is becoming a signature combination.

What are you working on at the moment?

I'm in Glasgow shooting *Nightsleeper*. I've been stuck on a train for the last two weeks solid. It's about a night-sleeper train from Glasgow to London called the Heart of Britain. We quickly find ourselves stuck in a hijacking situation, where the train has been hacked and we're trapped on it. It's sort of like *Speed* meets *The Bourne Identity* meets *Bodyguard*. Maybe.

Was acting always on the cards for you?

I went to a regular state school, but we had an amazing drama teacher there, and it's just something I responded to. Sometimes you find things that you respond to as a youngster, whether it be sports, art or drama. I always loved it. We used to put on plays that probably exceeded the budget and what the school should have been able to achieve. That passion and interest was nurtured, and then because I didn't get the grades to go to university I segued into the National Youth Theatre, and [from there] trying to be an actor when I was about 19.

Who are some of the more inspirational people you've worked with, and what have you learned from them?

I've been fortunate enough to work with some great directors. Ben Wheatley, Jeremy Saulnier, Jean-Stéphane Sauvaire. I mean, Susanna Fogel just now. I've worked with some great actors. Obviously, Cillian Murphy, Helen McCrory. I think you pick up things from everyone every time you go to work. I learned a lot from Bel Powley, who I've just worked with [on *A Small Light*]. So, yeah, you're learning on the job, really.

How do you research for a new role?

I try to immerse myself as much as possible in the feeling of that time. For *A Small Light*, I watched some of the more commercial old films set in the 1940s, like *Schindler's List* and *The Pianist*, which can get you into that sort of headspace. For me, imagery and pictures really help as well. Going to the Anne Frank house and seeing images of her — and going to Amsterdam and immersing yourself in those worlds — helps.

Summer corduroy suit, white textured cotton shirt, both **Richard James**; Premier B01 Chronograph, **Breitling**.

RAKE-IN-
PROGRESS

This page:
Suede jacket and cotton piqué polo shirt, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label.**

Opposite page:
White Chevron jacket, black denim trousers and black silk shirt, all **Edward Sexton**; sunglasses, **Cutler & Gross.**

RAKE-IN-
PROGRESS

This page:
Moleskin suede overshirt,
Brioni; Premier B01
Chronograph, **Breitling**.

Opposite page:
Aqua-green linen overshirt,
silk sweater, both **Zegna**.

GROOMER: PAUL DONOVAN
FASHION ASSISTANT: ELENA GARCIA
PRODUCTION: MONDAY ARTISTS

What initially struck you about A Small Light?
I was pleasantly surprised they offered me this role, because it's one hell of a role and one hell of a story, and very important to do it justice. The team involved wanted to bring this freshness to it, and I thought that was really interesting. And Jan was just a great character. For me, it was a no-brainer, and I was pleasantly surprised to have the opportunity to do it.

The dialogue is interesting in its modernity. It feels like some of the conversations could easily be had today?
Yeah, I think so. On *Peaky Blinders* they were always trying to make it fresh and modern and exciting, and I think this is the same thing. People have preconceptions of what watching shows based around the time of the Holocaust and the 1940s might be like, and we've tried to subvert that. People think that in period shows you should speak in a certain way and do a certain thing, and we were trying to break down those barriers and make it easier to take it in as a viewer.

The show is full of contrasts in freedom, power and love...
Jan and Miep are falling in love. They get married and they're trying to find their way in the world. They're dealing with the intricacies of being in a relationship and living with somebody and renting off somebody — all the while hiding the Franks and hiding other Jewish people.

How do you dial into the intensity required of your characters?
I try to stay relaxed. I try not to over-plan what I'm going to do, and try not to think that it needs to be a certain way. I try to be free and responsive to the person I'm working with. Also, I follow the rhythms of the words. It's something you do in the moment. It's like, when they call 'action', you just find yourself in it. You're just in it.

What's next for you?
I've done a couple of films, which I've shot this year, that come out either later this year or next year. You'll be hearing about them soon. *Nightsleeper* is the next big one, and then I've attached myself to a couple of quite exciting films later this year. So in the meantime I'm keeping out of trouble.

FOLLOW SUIT

GETTY IMAGES

BURN, BABY, BURN

Johnny Hallyday had 'something broken in his soul' — you could see it when he belted out his Gallic-toned rock'n'roll. He had been an abandoned child, and the trauma never left him, though by the end he belonged to France.

by ***james medd***

'*Le rockeur national*', 'the biggest rock star you never heard of', and 'France's Elvis': none of these shorthands comes close to capturing the reach of Johnny Hallyday. During 50 years in the spotlight, this averagely talented singer of the rock'n'roll era became a national treasure, with few equals anywhere in the world. While the real Elvis faded into a niche obsession, and Britain's nearest equivalent — Cliff Richard — became a cosy granny's favourite, the man they called just 'Johnny' continued to fascinate and excite to a degree that only increased as it should have fallen away.

It wasn't so much what Johnny did as who he was. Compared to the handful of other French music stars who transcended the rock era, he was gauche and unsophisticated. He had none of the originality or iconoclasm of Serge Gainsbourg, couldn't compete with the wit of Jacques Dutronc or the adventurousness of Michel Polnareff, and never approached the effortless chic of Françoise Hardy. But the French, amazingly for a nation with such a fiercely guarded sense of identity, loved him for being the archetypal rock star. Johnny was their very own part of the American century, delivering not only rock'n'roll they could understand but also chiselled film-star looks and a soap-opera life that took in all the women, fast cars, drink, drugs and self-destruction anyone could ask for.

His was a soap opera that had all the women, fast cars, drink, drugs and self-destruction anyone could ask for.

Aside from being born in the wrong country, Johnny had the perfect showbusiness start: a miserable childhood and a performance career that began before he knew it. Coming into the world as Jean-Philippe Smet in the rundown 9th arrondissement of Paris, home to the Moulin Rouge and the red-light district, he was abandoned by his Belgian father before he was eight months old, and quickly passed on to his aunt by a mother more interested in her small-time acting career. With Aunt Hélène came two cousins, Menen and Desta, who were touring dancers. The new arrival was soon on the road, where he fell under the influence of Desta's American boyfriend, Lee Halliday, who put him on stage during costume changes.

Seeing an Elvis Presley movie took him out of cabaret and into the studio, and by 1959 he was leading France's tentative response to rock'n'roll, cutely christened 'yé-yé'. His attempts to convert a nation accustomed to the measured emotion of the *chanson* form met with serious resistance from the brittle French establishment, but his album *Salut Les Copains* ('Hello, kids'), packed with French-language rewrites of the likes of *Let's Twist Again*, made him a star. No one outside the Francophone world was ever going to choose his versions over the originals — as he admitted himself, "You just can't sing rock'n'roll in French, our words are too long" — but for his compatriots he was the real thing.

For a while he was happy to be an Elvis impressionist, but the arrival of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones forced him to move with the times. He embraced the beard and shaggy hair of the era and tried out a series of British musicians, recording with Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin and the Small Faces and taking inspiration from Jimi Hendrix's jet-powered take on rock'n'roll. His version of *Hey Joe* and songs such as *À Tout Casser* ('Going All Out'), featuring Page's imitation of Hendrix's *Purple Haze*, are pleasing sixties curios, but the seventies were altogether more comfortable, as he expanded into country music and rock ballads that suited his gruff tones.

No one, Johnny included, would claim he could compete with Hendrix or the Beatles, and he certainly didn't sound like Elvis. For a start, Johnny was more of a shouter, in the vein of Tom

Previous spread:
Johnny Hallyday performs at Le Zénith in Paris.

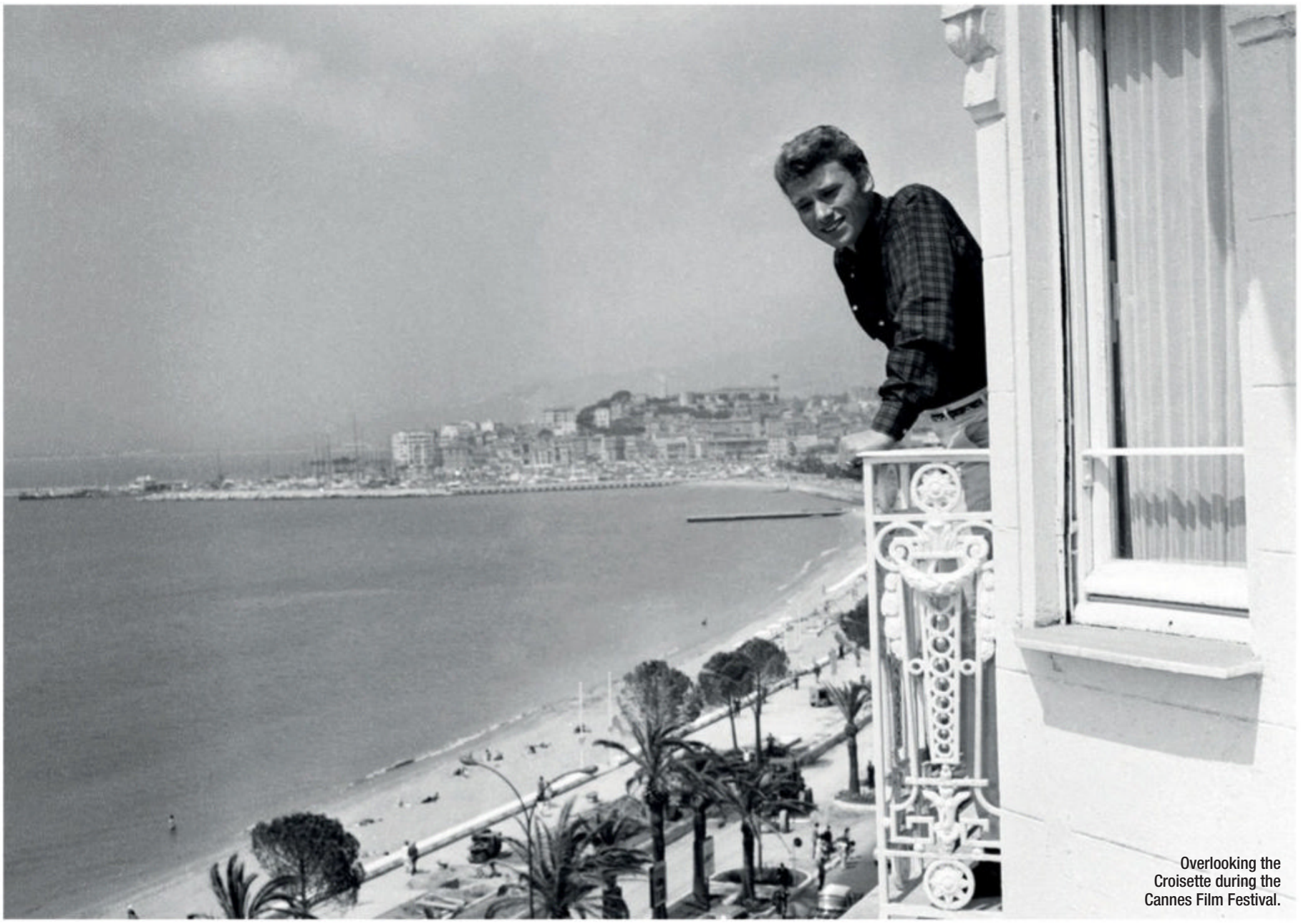
This page: Hallyday poses with a doll in his likeness; signs autographs in France; readies himself to perform for the first time in Paris, at the Alhambra; a French poster of Hallyday's 1963 film *D'où viens-tu Johnny?*; and during some downtime while on tour in France.

In Saint-Tropez, 1963.

GETTY IMAGES

Making a house of cards in France.

GETTY IMAGES



Overlooking the Croisette during the Cannes Film Festival.

Jones, and only came into his own as a vocalist in the 1980s, when life experience and French-level chainsmoking gave him a Johnny Cash-like combination of gruff authority and vulnerability. He was, though, a world-class performer from the start, with the kind of stage presence that holds the attention regardless of the material and that can sustain a music career even when the hits aren't coming. As his friend Carla Bruni remarked after his death, "He was one of these artists who burns. He would sing like he was going to die the very next minute."

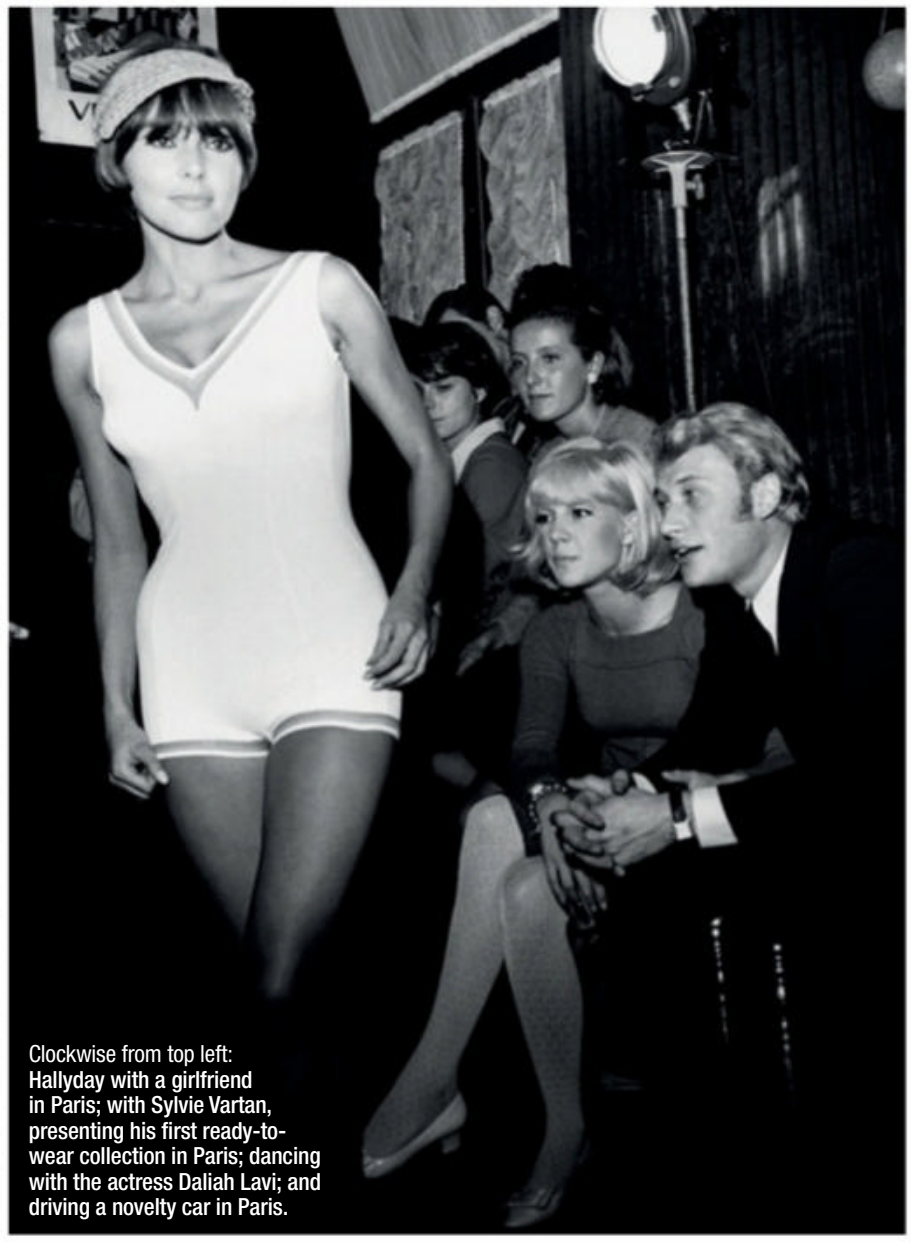
Life experience and French-level chainsmoking lent him a gruff authority and vulnerability.

Johnny was obsessed with *le spectacle*, forever on tour, always pushing for a bigger venue and a more dramatic show, with an ever-expanding support crew of stuntmen and dancers. He was a draw on a scale beyond even the international rock titans, able to sell out three nights at the Stade de France national stadium and in 2009 drawing a crowd estimated at close to a million people for a free show at the Eiffel Tower.

He was also brilliant at publicity. Though he was always happy to conduct a photoshoot for *Hello!* predecessor *Paris Match*, appearing on the cover a record-breaking 60 times, it was on television that he was at his most fascinating. At first brooding and confessional, using his ice-blue eyes to project James Dean levels of intensity, he would break out into a sweet, open smile that won over even the hardest interviewer, and every viewer. And there was, it's fair to say, truth in this play of light and dark behind the eyes, beyond the standard rock-star moodiness: by all accounts, including his own, he remained an abandoned child his whole life, restless and unsatisfied. As Bruni put it, "He had something broken in his soul, something damaged, and being on stage, being a superstar artist, made him very happy".

Offstage, he tried to fill the hole in his soul in all the usual ways. His five marriages began in 1966 with fellow yé-yé star Sylvie Vartan and ended 30 years later with the actress Laeticia Boudou, in between which he squeezed in one lasting just 65 days and another, shamefully, with the 18-year-old daughter of his best friend, as well as an unlikely four-year relationship with high-minded actress Nathalie Baye. There were many more women in his life, their ebb and flow reflected and often affected by his use of alcohol and drugs, in particular cocaine. As central to his life as the sex, drugs and rock'n'roll were cars and motorbikes. Asked in an early television interview for his greatest moment of joy, he said it was when he touched his first car, a Triumph TR3, and he went on to buy and crash a long succession of Porsches and Lamborghinis. In later life, he would spend months on end driving across America on a Harley-Davidson.

Johnny followed the rock-star template all the way to tax exile,



Clockwise from top left: Hallyday with a girlfriend in Paris; with Sylvie Vartan, presenting his first ready-to-wear collection in Paris; dancing with the actress Daliah Lavi; and driving a novelty car in Paris.

GETTY IMAGES

Clockwise from top left: Hallyday and Elke Sommer on the beach in Cannes; in racing gear after a spin in a Ford Mustang; at a dinner party with Aristotle Onassis in 1970; with his wife, Sylvie Vartan; at the premiere of Dalida's show in France.

Clockwise from top left: **Hallyday on stage in the seventies; Ray Charles is welcomed at Orly airport by Hallyday; and with Sammy Davis, Jr.**

GETTY IMAGES

Clockwise from top left:
Hallyday in Brussels; on a T.V. show in 1976; and on his chopper.

Hallyday in Sylvie Vartan's dressing room after one of her concerts.

GETTY IMAGES

Hallyday performs in Germany.

moving first to Switzerland and then to Los Angeles. The French overlooked even this insult because, above all things, Johnny remained loyal to them. After his brief period as a hip young rock'n'roller in the sixties, his appeal was to the silent majority of France living outside Paris, where life had barely changed since the war and few wanted it to. In the French heartlands, they identified with Johnny's conservative Franco-American style in the way the U.S. Midwest identified with its series of billionaire country stars. Just like them, Johnny might be friends with the president but he was still the kind of guy you could imagine in a pick-up or tinkering with his Harley in the yard, who played it tough but liked a ruggedly sentimental ballad to get drunk to.

His appeal was to the silent majority of France living outside Paris, where life had barely changed since the war.

Embracing this audience in the 1980s was Johnny's cleverest move, whether intentional or not. It led to even greater levels of success and, ironically, the grudging approval of the critics, for whom he had long been an embarrassment. France's sixties intellectuals had briefly flirted with adopting him as a symbol of a new masculinity, or tried to equate his rock'n'roll exhibitionism with existentialism, but this time he was embraced with affection rather than objectification. It paved the way, too, for an acceptance of his genuine talent as an actor. Sporadic attempts at the start of his career had left him unsatisfied, yearning to return to the relative control of his life onstage. By the 1990s, though, he was offered more than the traditional stunt-casting cameos, and he lent his extraordinary presence and self-possession to a series of proper films, including Jean-Luc Godard's *Détective*, the comedy *Conseil de Famille*, the hyperactive Honk Kong gangster flick *Vengeance*, and, with a performance that hinted at true greatness, the 2002 psychological thriller *L'Homme du Train*.

More unexpected than this, though, was his simultaneous conversion into an icon of cool. With a trimmed quiff, goatee and a remarkably successful facelift that somehow made his eyes even more piercing, he entered the new century looking effortlessly up to date, somewhere between imperial-period U2 and the cast of *The Matrix*, give or take his abiding taste for leather bolero jackets. This metropolitisation might have been a gamble, risking the loss of the great French public, but by then he was beyond judgment. For the next decade and a half, regular visitors to France, glancing at a newsstand, could be forgiven for thinking that the nation cared only about Johnny's latest adventure. He embarked on a stadium-filling lap of glory that seemed destined to fulfil the title of his 2008 single *Ça ne finira jamais* — 'This Will Never End'. His death, in 2017, at the age of 74, shocked a nation that had lived with him so long and so closely they believed it never would.

MAN OF GÖT

Simon Berg was part of the team that helped save the esteemed Swedish tailor Götrich when it was in trouble. It meant that Stockholm retained a local bespoke destination to rival the traditional European powerhouses.

by ***charlie thomas*** *photography* ***alexander roxell***

1. This 2001 bi-metal Rolex Datejust used to belong to Berg's father. "I never take it off," he says. "I play sports with it. I have it on the beach. I go skiing with it. I only ever take it off when I play the drums."

2. Berg wears only Albert Thurston braces, made for Götrich. "I don't see any use in wearing anything else. I mean, why wear anything else?"

3. Simon favours Oscar Magnuson for his glasses. "The amount of work he puts into designing these, and the manufacturing, the level of quality for his acetate — everything's insanely good. I have so many of his regular specs and shades as well. They're amazing."

4. "This is Izzy, one of my cats. She's a Bengal cat, and the other one is Zelda, her twin sister."

5. Berg wears only above-the-calf Bresciani socks with his Crockett & Jones Oxfords. "I bought these shoes more than 10 years ago, maybe 15 years ago, for a wedding, without wearing them in. I had to get ice cubes from the hotel for my feet to be able to sleep at night. But now they're a second skin. I could go for a hike in them."

6. Berg opts for a four-in-hand knot for his ties. This Götrich one is made in Italy from bamboo, and it complements the bold stripe of his Götrich shirt.

7. Accoutrements alongside an Omega pocket-watch that also used to belong to Berg's father. "He lived in the United States in the sixties, and to make money he rented out a part of his house to a Norwegian family, and they couldn't pay the rent. So they gave him this as downpayment on the rent at one point. It's from Chicago in the sixties, and that's why on the end of the chain there is an enamel-logo 'C'. That's for the Chicago Cubs."

Simon Berg evokes a natural elegance thanks in part to his easygoing manner but also his impeccable dress sense. He sits on the board of the Scandinavian College of Naprapathic Manual Medicine, and has only recently found himself with skin in the style game. It began 10 years ago, when he invested in Sweden's oldest tailor, Götrich & Co., which would otherwise have closed down. Alongside the Savile Row tailor Cad & the Dandy he helped save the house, ensuring future generations of Stockholm's most stylish men have a local bespoke option to rival the finest tailors in London, Naples and Milan.

But while Simon hasn't always worked in tailoring, his passion for it has existed for a long time. Of his sense of balance, proportion and elegance in his clothing, he tells *The Rake*: "That would come from an old friend of mine I've known since I was seven years old. He was always into classic menswear, even when he was a kid. It's a weird thing to be into at that age, but he was always so well dressed. He just had a natural instinct for how to match proportions and different colours, and I was always interested in learning how that worked, because I'm not from that world."

Simon wears a bespoke Götrich suit cut from grey wool flannel from Yorkshire Textiles. What is it about the suit that moves him? “It just has so much symbolism to it as a garment,” he says. “I have a hard time thinking of a more symbolic garment. It’s played an important role throughout history, and there is an almost Freudian perspective on it, in that it can portray power or wealth. Just think back to the power suits of the Wall Street guys in the eighties. A lot of different things can be said about the suit, and it’s going to be around for a long time, even if you don’t have to wear one for work.”

GO FORTH AND COGITATE

The modern adventurer has his work cut out — following in the footsteps of his intrepid forebears, that is. But if he fails, he will fail in style.

by **tom chamberlin** *illustration* **sapper**

Travel and exploration is the timeline on which the human race is built. We have migrated, trekked and pushed boundaries to discover what is over the next hill or across the tempestuous sea. We've searched the lands and the oceans, the caves and the mountains, the skies and beyond. Names like Hanning Speke, Columbus, Burton, Cortés, Cook, Livingstone and Indiana Jones all fold themselves into this crucial element of our species' history, and in 2023 we can reap the benefits and head to the pulchritudinous corners of our planet in more comfort and enlightenment than our forebears could.

So our Adventurer today is a leisure-time strategist. The world runs on routine: we wake, we feed our children before school, we work, we come home, we feed our children before bedtime, and then we all sleep. The Adventurer will always give some time to his day wondering what can be done to break the drudgery of this routine. In the winter months it is fairly simple: you'll find him either smoking a Cohiba Siglo VI (a good explorer will always locate one) on the deck of a chalet in Switzerland or on the peg left-and-righting some remarkably high birds in the Yorkshire Dales. His knowledge of the wider world makes him tremendous company at shoots, so he is always invited back, and he always sends a perfect thank-you letter.

His knowledge of the wider world makes him tremendous company at shoots, so he is always invited back, and he always sends a perfect thank-you letter.

The summer becomes less predictable as the options multiply. He has an open invitation from minor royals to stay at their villa in Mustique, but it gets boarded up in hurricane season. He loves bonefishing, and in fact, when he was ice-fishing on a three-day sojourn in the Urals — drilling holes in the ice and patiently waiting for a bite while working his way through a box of Hoyo de Monterrey double coronas — he had an epiphany: the more inclement the weather, the better use he was making of his free time, and so summer needed to be put to better use. Ergo, he plots adventures each year, around this time, to parts of the world where he can fish and explore, pick up a new language, try something he's never tasted before, and succeed in his search for darker nights with the brightest stars.

In haste he makes sure he is kitted out for better expeditions, which means he had his family crest engraved onto gold-plated buttons that were added to a new navy blazer for evenings (complemented by a pair of slippers and ivory trousers). The mornings must consist of a swim and some intellectual escapism with a book — usually a Rider Haggard novel or Bulldog Drummond story. Having taken breakfast and finished his ablutions, he opts for a terry cloth jacket and swimming shorts, for a more modern interpretation of holidaywear.

Luncheon would be something light, and once he eats he sets off for more fishing or a jaunty peregrination with supplies of money, cigars, a small journal and a map neatly tucked away in his safari jacket pockets. He is not against technology, and while he has muted his email for the duration of his trip, he still makes sure he has his phone on him — indeed, he had his shirtmaker insert an inner lining into the hip pocket of the jacket to hold the phone but without disturbing the silhouette.

These clothes tap into the memory and heritage of the aforementioned adventurers who took to the high seas. They make for a figurative hat doffed in their direction, for without those who did all the hard work, the rest of us would find it hard to busy ourselves relaxing.

SKETCH

`The Intrepid Man'

ROCK STARS

No, the Ibiza Hound isn't that party animal you met in San Antonio last summer, though it did bear witness as the sunny Mediterranean outcrop cast off its dour mid-century reputation.

HOUND

by ***amenhotep*** *as told to* ***charlie thomas***

There is some competition for the oldest royal bloodline. King Charles III can trace his family through generations of Scottish nobility, ending with Sir John Lyon, Thane of Glamis, who wed the daughter of Robert II, King of Scots in the 14th century. The Danish monarchy can go further, back more than a thousand years, to Gorm the Old, the first Viking king of Denmark, who took the throne in 936. But this is nothing compared to the bloodline of my noble breed, the Ibizan Hound. I can trace my roots back more than 5,000 years, to Ancient Egypt, where my similarly long-snouted, tall-eared brothers and sisters were worshipped, as they are now, for their loyal nature and keen hunting abilities.

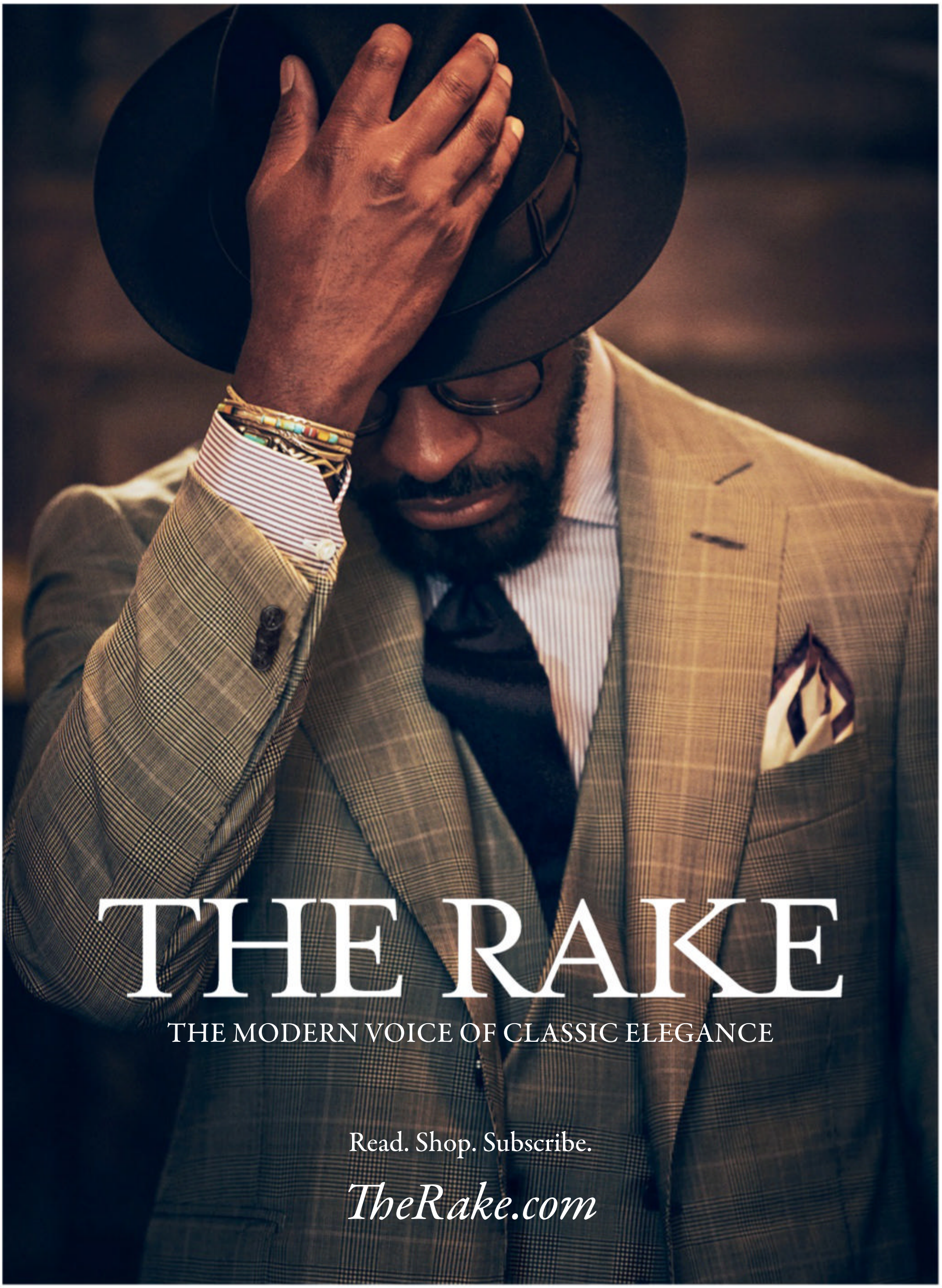
Indeed, we were among the most represented breed in Egyptian art and symbolism — not surprisingly, given that we were the royal dogs of the great pharaohs. You've seen the image a thousand times before: the stone carving of a long, slender hound sitting obediently, all four paws and snout pointing forwards, our tall ears shooting upwards. Or even in the form of Anubis, the famed god of cemeteries and guide to the underworld, in which our head features prominently on the body of an imposing human figure. We were one of man's first best friends, living domestically alongside the ancient Egyptians as a faithful pet, hunter or watch dog, and were even mummified alongside our owners, staying loyal into the afterlife. This isn't where we get our name from, though.

That would be from the fair island of Ibiza. We were brought from Egypt by Phoenician traders more than 3,000 years ago, much to the delight of islanders who respected our elegant stature and fierce agility. While today it is known as a hedonistic playground, Ibiza was a barely habitable rock in the ocean, with food hard to come by, even as recently as the 1950s. We were employed as hunters, used in packs to chase and slay rabbits, an easy sport that allowed us to stretch our springy legs.

Beloved by the fishermen who became our new custodians following the demise of the ancient Egyptian empire, our boundless energy and ferocious appetites sometimes got the better of our new, humble masters. The travel journalist and auteur Norman Lewis visited our adopted homeland numerous times in the fifties, observing that our owners would occasionally let us go if we became overbearing. Far from customary to slay us, the villagers would follow tradition by setting us free on the opposite side of the island in the hope that someone might adopt us. "A ceremonial offering of food is all that is necessary to attach one of these wanderers to one's person and one's house", Lewis noted during his travels. "Thereafter, the summer visitor never again feels himself a complete stranger. He has been formally adopted by a dog which will guard him and his possessions in the most unobtrusive way, and which will keep its distance and know its place. In fact, a natural aristocrat of a dog." We have occasionally done without masters altogether, forming our own packs to hunt down another group of pests who continue to saturate our once peaceful streets with endless partying and repetitive music. This is, sadly, the one area in which we are yet to succeed.

We've become, as a result of our moving around, a particularly resilient, stoic and humble breed. Accustomed to travelling far and wide, we're comfortable whether tracking rabbits on the harsh landscape of Ibiza, being worshipped by Egyptian deities, or bounding through a local park in North America, to which we were introduced in the 1950s. This adaptability is a trait we draw on continuously, and which we look forward to impressing on our masters, whoever and wherever they may be, for another 5,000 years.

GETTY IMAGES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LA FEMME

POWER AND THE GLORY

Whether it's auditor of the month or best supporting actress (of the year), Jamie Lee Curtis is rocking her sixties. All hail the queen of everything...

by ***david smiedt***

When Ariana DeBose and Troy Kotsur announced the 2023 Academy Award for best supporting actress, Jamie Lee Curtis stood up. She stood up for longevity in an industry that discards women of a certain age like last week's milk. She stood up for perseverance, having made her film debut four decades earlier. She stood up for diversity, referring to the famous statuette as 'they/them' in support of her trans daughter. She stood up for one of the last true lineages to the Golden Age of Hollywood by going one better than her parents, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh — both of whom were nominated for Oscars but never won. She stood up for those who have triumphed over, and maintained a vigilance against, their addictions. And she stood up for wry self-awareness by posting an image of said Oscar beside the butt-plug(ish) prop award that her character Deirdre Beaubeirdre scooped as auditor of the month in *Everything Everywhere All At Once*.

But to paraphrase fellow stayer LL Cool J: don't call it a comeback, she's been here for years. Who else do you know who parlayed typecasting as a teenage scream queen/wet dream into a Bafta, two Golden Globes, and noms for both an Emmy and a Grammy? Oh, and did we mention that her children's books have made *The New York Times*' bestseller list and that, even without taking *Everything Everywhere* into account, her films have turned over $2.3bn at the box office? Add the fact that her marriage to the comic genius Christopher Guest will clock 40 years in 2024 — a Hollywood rarity on a par with Tom Cruise being funny — and there are only three words for it: Mother. Fucking. Powerhouse.

Incidentally, her hubby holds the title of 5th Baron Haden-Guest, literally entitling JLC to refer to herself as 'Lady Haden-Guest'. She uses the term only when reserving restaurants in London, as apparently it holds more sway than 'Jamie Lee Curtis'. You couldn't write her as a character, as it would be just too implausible.

In the beginning Curtis was what today we'd call a 'nepo baby'. Her mother had brought to shrill life the most famous horror scene in cinematic history — the shower sequence in *Psycho* — and the gamine Jamie Lee was a traffic stopper who could manifest a particularly fetching type of terror. It was a no-brainer. But where she really started turning heads was with a crucial genre jump. In films such as *Trading Places* and *A Fish Called Wanda*, her comedy chops stacked up and nudged into the background the likes of Eddie Murphy, Dan Aykroyd, John Cleese, Kevin Kline and Michael Palin.

Let us pause here to not merely acknowledge her topless scene in the former (which had the pause button pushed on VCRs from Cambodia to Kampala) but her attitude to it. "I thought, While they're up and firm, why not shoot them once or twice?" she has said. In other words, her decision, her terms, her tits.

Over the years she has clocked up 80 television and film appearances (including the original *Knives Out*), and has been a driving force in resurrecting the oh-so-meta *Halloween* franchise as an executive producer.

Now the story takes a turn for the Hedy Lamarr, the 1930s and 1940s Hollywood vamp who in her spare time just happened to co-invent the 'frequency hopping' technology that prevented Allied torpedoes being detected by Nazi ships. Some overreachers have even dubbed Lamarr 'the mother of wi-fi'. Curtis's own invention also helped turn the tide, in its own way. In 1987 she was issued with the U.S. patent number 4,753,647 for modifying nappies so they contained a moisture-proof pocket for wipes that can be accessed with one hand. If you've ever had to go downtown to browntown, you'll know what a stroke of genius this is. However, Curtis refused to allow the product to be put into production until nappy companies committed to making fully biodegradable lines. The patent expired in 2007 and it's now in the public domain, but she launched another patent focusing on biodegradability that's good until 2036.

An avowed Trump critic, Curtis leans hard left on marriage equality, loves World of Warcraft, and snuck into BlizzCon and Comic Con in disguise just to check out the vibe.

All these successes, and Curtis's joie de vivre, which crackled through your screen at the Oscars, came at a price. Two of them, in fact. The first was an alcohol addiction; the second was an addiction to Vicodin, which she was first given after a cosmetic procedure and in whose secret thrall she suffered from 1989 to 1999. Not even her husband knew.

It's a subject on which she has been characteristically eloquent and honest. "Getting sober was the single bravest thing I've ever done and will ever do in my life ... facing an addiction. Being courageous enough to acknowledge it privately with my family and friends. Working really hard at solidifying it, getting support around it, and being healthy. And then talking about it publicly. That is the single greatest accomplishment of my life."

She has also said, "I am a living testament that without fancy rehabs and without all sorts of pharmaceuticals, I was able to find sobriety, as have millions of other people in rooms all over the world ... This is an addiction, this is an illness, and there is help, but the help needs to be longstanding and ongoing."

When the least interesting thing about you is that you're the godparent to the ubiquitous Gyllenhaal siblings, you know you're doing something right. On the horizon is a T.V. adaptation of Patricia Cornwell's bestselling Kay Scarpetta murder-mysteries, opposite Nicole Kidman; a star-studded reboot of the comedy *The Haunted Mansion*; and a film version of the Borderlands game, with Cate Blanchett.

Make no mistake, ladies and gentlemen, Jamie Lee Curtis is standing up.

atelier

EARNED DISTINCTION; **WET DREAMS.**

WHERE STILL WATERS RUN DEEP

The finest Scotch whisky flows like liquid gold in Scotland. Thanks to Diageo's private client experience, THE RAKE *had access to some of the most exclusive and historic drams you can find — in locations to match.*

by ***georgie fenn***

"You know it's a good one when it warms you down to your toes," my driver says as we snake back to Inverness airport after an invigorating stay at Links House in the Scottish Highlands. "Indeed, you do," I reply, still tingling from wisps of a 1984 Talisker. I had just spent a faultless few days as a private client of Diageo, in what might be one of the world's most exceptional whisky experiences.

Let's rewind: an adventure to discover modern living rarity and a Scotland unseen to many had begun in Edinburgh, where Diageo, drawing on their expertise in the spirits business, have made a foray into city hospitality with the opening of Johnnie Walker Princes Street, the whisky experience space. I stayed at Gleneagles Townhouse, impeccably located in St. Andrew Square in what used to be the home of the Bank of Scotland. The banking hall has been restored to its old glory in the form of The Spence, an airy, palatial brasserie.

To understand the rarity of place, time and craft that shapes the best spirits in Scotland requires a journey that immerses and reveals. At Johnnie Walker Princes Street, Diageo private clients are welcomed via a discreet entrance and treated to their own space. Here is where living rarity comes to life, and a client can express their innermost whisky-collecting desires. Should there be something specific you're seeking — perhaps a notable vintage, or something even more particular; say, the exact bottle of Convalmore that was distilled on a lunar eclipse before the closure of the distillery in 1985 — this is where you voice those desires.

Majestic drops of whisky that are up to half a century old are not easy to come by, but Diageo make it easier. For example, the lunar eclipse is not the only unique bottling of history. There are so many stories to be sampled, whether from the last Cragganmore distilled over coal stills or the use of water from a special spring: each bottling has a unique history. Talking of stories: in a room akin to a whisky library, full of incredibly rare whiskies, we were fortunate enough to be given a taste of the 48-year-old Johnnie Walker from the Masters of Flavour series. The Johnnie Walker 48-year-old was crafted using whiskies from four 'ghost' (or shuttered) distilleries — Port Dundas, Brora, Glen Albyn and Glenury Royal, and there were just 288 bottles made. The tasting was led by Ewan Gunn, the Senior Global Brand Ambassador for Diageo, who is a font of whisky knowledge, which he imparts with great finesse. On first nose, what was apparent to me was this crushed oyster-shell saltiness alongside subtle smoke. As the dram warmed in my palm, the aromas morphed into a richer dried-fruit note. The opulence continued on the palate and the finish was remarkable — butterscotch and a hint of spice. It was a fascinating experience, and one I shall savour forever.

The Highlands soon beckoned. First was lunch in the misty moors around Straloch bothy, a wooden hut reached by a classic Land Rover Defender 110. I could have settled here for the rest of the day, with the pastry treats and wines that must have been delivered wrapped in cotton wool to have made the journey unscathed. To top it off, I was introduced to 'Mo-Cho', a whisky-infused hot chocolate featuring 78 per cent cacao and Mortlach 16 Year Old.

I could not have been more content, yet the interval at Straloch Estate was just a taste of what was to come. Greeted outside a hallowed chamber of Diageo's private client world, the key was unlocked and we stepped into the Casks of Distinction warehouse at Royal Lochnagar in the foothills of Balmoral estate. Casks of Distinction is an exclusive V.I.P. programme of casks of rare and exceptional Scotch that are available only for private purchase. We met Tod Bradbury, the Head of Rare and Collectable Whiskies at Justerini & Brooks, the wine and spirits merchant who act as the U.K. private client division representative of Diageo. Tod was a straight-talking and wise guide, ensuring all curious appetites were satiated. It was here that I felt that reassuring sensation down to my toes.

Casks of Distinction

The Casks of Distinction programme gives private clients an exclusive opportunity to buy individual casks of rare and exceptional Scotch whisky from its unrivalled stocks. The casks are carefully chosen by Diageo's master whisky makers, who, with their teams, spend more than 4,200 hours each year sourcing, tasting and assessing casks for the right qualities and character to become a Cask of Distinction.

If you join the programme you can look forward to a range of bespoke experiences and privileges. Samples are sent annually to the owner, so you never miss a stage of your whisky's progression, and guidance is provided so you don't miss an opportune moment to bottle. You will have the option to age your cask for up to five more years, visit the cask while it matures at Royal Deeside, the home of the Casks of Distinction programme, and after bottling become a patron of the arts by commissioning one of Diageo's roster of artists to use the cask-end as a canvas.

Georgie Fenn samples a Cask of Distinction single malt Scotch whisky with Tod Bradbury.

JOE HALL

JOE HALL

GRAEME MACDONALD

JOE HALL

Clockwise from top: **Johnnie Walker Princes Street; Johnnie Walker Masters of Flavour 48-year-old blended Scotch whisky; the Bothy Bar at Johnnie Walker Princes Street; and the Johnnie Walker Journey of Flavour experience.**

Clockwise from left: **Georgie visits Dunrobin Castle; explores the Casks of Distinction warehouse; and lunches in the Straloch bothy on the edge of the Cairngorms national park.**

JOE HALL

From top: **Andrew Flatt, the Brand Home Host at Brora Distillery, opens the Wildcat Gates; and draws a sample from a Cask of Distinction; a Lagavulin 28-year-old Casks of Distinction; and the gilding of a Cask of Distinction.**

JOE HALL

From top left: **Brora Triptych single malt Scotch whisky; the Brora Distillery Collection: Hidden Beneath 39-year-old, available only from the distillery; and the Brora distillery stills.**

Further north — with the sun still shining — was the Brora distillery. It was 40 years ago that Brora became what is known as a ghost distillery, when the final cask was filled and production ceased. Four decades later, the past here has been resurrected, and now you can almost go treasure hunting — opening the doors, dusting off casks, awakening sleeping stills. If you are lucky you might even find remnants of the past. As an example: a Brora cask from 1982 was recently auctioned at Sotheby's (with an experience and an artwork created by the pioneering photographer and artist Trey Ratcliff), and reached a value of £875,000. It takes the passion and unstinting dedication of the distillery workers to bring these places back to life. Andrew Flatt, the Brand Home Host at Brora, explained that the stillhouse was taken down and rebuilt, stone-by-stone, to create a beautiful but structurally sound version of what was there before. The classic copper-pot stills from the 1980s were carefully refurbished, yet they retain the shape and character of their original iterations. Brora is a timeless masterpiece, and making a visit here animates the past, present and future of a cult legend.

At Links House in Dornoch, 30 minutes or so from Brora, the oysters were fresh and the wine abundant. It was the first time I'd tried an oyster with a whisky sorbet as accompaniment, and now I need to research where I can find such things closer to home. Links House is in the heart of serious whisky territory, and there are also fine golf courses on hand as well as fishing and, in season, deer stalking and shooting. Scotland is a playground where the half-time snacks are whisky and oysters.

Experiencing Scotland as a Diageo private client left me with incredible memories and uncovered a deeper understanding and awareness as to what modern rarity means today.

These experiences and private client areas at Diageo are available to private clients only. You can inquire via the Diageo Rare and Exceptional website (www.diageorareandexceptional.com) to explore a bespoke side of Scotland only a few have ever encountered.

Mo-Cho recipe

- 300ml Oatly (or similar) barista oat milk
- 25ml maple syrup
- 10g cacao butter
- 35g Hotel Chocolat 74% cacao
- A pinch of salt
- 20ml Mortlach 16

Add all the ingredients together and gently warm through to dissolve the cacao butter and drinking chocolate.

‘MERINO WOOL SWIMWEAR HANGS BEAUTIFULLY, LIKE A WELL-TAILORED SUIT’

... Roland Herlory, the Vilebrequin boss, is not wrong. This season the French label has partnered with Woolmark to craft a swimwear collection that has been cut with as much care and elan as a piece of Savile Row’s finest.

by ***charlie thomas***

Before he founded Vilebrequin with his partner, Yvette, Fred Prysquel travelled around Europe as a Formula One journalist, reporting on the legends of the day, including Graham Hill, Sir Jackie Stewart and John Surtees. One would imagine it was a glamorous time to be alive, jaunting from Monaco to the Nordschleife, in Germany, in the name of excitement — whether on the track or via the notorious playboy antics of the sport’s heroes. But it was as nothing compared to the glitz Prysquel’s brand embodied once its first store was opened in Saint-Tropez in 1971. At the south of France’s coolest spots, Vilebrequin became the brand to wear by the pool, in the sea and at the bar, with the new jet set favouring the bright colours, flattering tailored fits, and relaxed elegance of the designs. In a short space of time the young brand came to represent this heady period and the figures who turned the French Riviera into their playground.

Things are no different today. The brand’s new spring-summer 2023 collection “revisits the warm, earthy colours of Vilebrequin’s birthplace, the south of France”, says Roland Herlory, the label’s Chief Executive. You don’t need to look far to notice the vibrant shades of sunshine-yellow, cobalt-blue, salmon-pink or coral-red. The tones are reminiscent of a Slim Aarons photograph, and instantly transport you to the Côte d’Azur. “Sun-soaked oranges and reds are everywhere this season,” Herlory says. “Two prints in particular express the soul of this collection for me: ‘Sunny Streets’ takes you on a stroll through Saint-Tropez. The village’s ochre walls perfectly capture the beauty and nonchalance of summer. Another wonderful print is ‘Provence Market’, a love letter to the flavours of the Mediterranean: tomatoes, courgettes, aubergines... and lots of garlic!”

Vilebrequin has long been a go-to brand for colour and eclectic, patterned swim shorts, from their signature turtle motifs to collaborations with photographers such as Massimo Vitali, whose images have been emblazoned on Vilebrequin swimsuits. This season, though, the brand has collaborated with the Woolmark Company on a series of sleek, more muted designs inspired by the world’s finest tailoring. The five-piece capsule consists of Prince of Wales checks, classic ginghams and luxurious fits, all crafted from Woolmark-certified Merino wool. As many as 32 steps were undertaken during the construction process, with paper patterns used to cut them in the same manner as a pair of fine trousers. But it is the sustainability element that is perhaps most impressive. Most brands use a nylon blend for their swim shorts, but Merino wool is kinder to the environment and, surprisingly, quicker to dry.

“I’m immensely proud of our recent collaboration with the Woolmark Company,” Herlory says. “Together, we’ve created the first swim trunk entirely made from virgin Merino wool. One hundred per cent natural, renewable and water resistant, Merino wool also has a superior drying time to most synthetic fibres. This is a major leap forward in swimwear know-how, allowing us to work with materials that are both sartorial and sustainable. Lightweight and breathable, Merino swimsuits hang beautifully, like a well-tailored suit, making them a suitably elegant choice at the beach.”

> **“This is a major leap forward for swimwear, allowing us to work with materials that are sartorial and sustainable.”**

It’s an interesting fabric choice, and when you see the results you wonder why it hasn’t been done before. It also cements the brand’s history of innovation and creativity. Herlory says: “The house’s founder used to go to the Marché Saint-Pierre in Paris in search of quick-drying textiles. Whether he was playing with spinnaker fabric — a nod to sailing culture — or with wax fabric he’d found during his military service in Africa, he let nothing go to waste. It was a matter of common sense and creativity. Swimwear has its own unique requirements. Fabrics have to be hard-wearing, resistant to chlorine and salt water, and quick drying. Before we came across Woolmark, that automatically meant choosing synthetic cloth. The real challenge is using technology, innovation and smart thinking to progressively introduce natural fibres into our swimwear repertoire without sacrificing performance.”

Having also partnered with Off-White, A Bathing Ape and Palm Angels, collaborations continue to be fruitful business. “They open new doors, taking the brand where you least expect it,” Herlory says. “That’s incredibly stimulating, both for our teams and — I hope — for our clients. When done right, collaborations create a new

Roland Herlory, the Chief Executive of Vilebrequin.

VILEBREQUIN
VILEBREQUIN

energy, something never seen before. Whether or not it's a success commercially doesn't matter so much. What counts is the process of working together closely. The creative challenge is the real value."

It's arguably the sustainability element that sets Vilebrequin apart. They take it seriously, and are conscious of the impact the clothing industry has on the planet. "It's something we've been working on at every level of the brand," Herlory says. "The brand is constantly on the lookout for new, more environmentally friendly fabrics, but it also aims to change its culture from the ground up, from how it treats its staff to the way it manages its waste and carbon footprint.

"At Vilebrequin, sustainability means several things. Firstly, and perhaps most importantly, it's about delivering high-quality garments. Take Vilebrequin swimsuits: they are engineered to last you a lifetime. To be loved, held on to, and then passed on. Everything from the mesh lining to the waistband and drawstring can now be replaced upon request. I've come to learn that the real meaning of quality is repairability. Investing in quality to extend a product's lifespan is a vital part of the eco-responsibility equation. We've also been taking a good, hard look at the fabrics we use. As of today, 100 per cent of our men's swimsuits are made from recycled fibres, while 93 per cent of overall production is sustainably sourced from recycled or organic materials."

It is an impressive stat for any company. And despite Vilebrequin's seductive beginnings, and their embodiment of one of style's greatest eras, it might be their most impressive feat to date.

articles

JUST AS WE WISH; **CONSCIOUSLY COUPLED;** CUBAISM; **THIS IS THE WAY;** LIVING ON A PRAIRIE.

JOHN ROWLEY

‘MY HEART SANK — I THOUGHT, GREAT, MICHAEL CORLEONE HAS CALLED ME A DRIFTER’

Corleone — or Al Pacino, to give him his other name — wouldn’t dare accuse Cary Elwes of a lack of focus these days. Then again, who would? The workaholic English actor talks fate, fortune and cult films with TOM CHAMBERLIN.

photography **kurt iswarienko** *styling* **alison edmond**

Opening spread:
Grey cashmere cardigan, linen pinstripe trousers, cashmere shirt, all **Brunello Cucinelli**; neckerchief, *stylist's own*; brown Oxfords, **John Lobb**.

This page:
Camel herringbone wool blazer, cotton shirt and tartan wool tie, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**.

In order to proceed in a proper manner, I must explain how this interview came about. It doesn't involve going back, say, a few months — no, no, we need to go further back than that. Perhaps it required three years' preparation, as with my Chris Pine interview? Again, no. To set this scene well, we must go back almost 50 years, to 1975, and the opening of a hairdressing salon.

The salon, on London's Pont Street, was called Figurehead. This was the heyday of the London hairdressing scene, with Ricci Burns, Vidal Sassoon, Gavin Hodge and George Britnell all somehow imbued with rockstar personas, which attracted the attention of the periodicals. Britnell had created Figurehead with the artist Dominick Elwes, who, for the opening-night party, told the P.R. guru he'd hired that the salon should be full-to-bursting, so that people would spill onto the streets and catch the curious looks of commuters returning home from work. The P.R. guru — Betty Brittain was her name — invited essential journalists, including the then assistant beauty editor at *Vogue*, Susan Fahey, as well as a number of filler guests to get the numbers up, one of whom was a dashing, debonair former cavalry officer called Nick Chamberlin (see where I'm going with this yet?). Susan and Nick met for the first time at the party, chatted, and went for dinner afterwards. Cut to 1987, and yours truly comes along.

Now cut to 2023: I log into a Zoom call with our cover star, Cary Elwes, the son of Dominick, in an encounter that would not have been possible had his father not opened that salon several decades earlier. Excellent coincidences in the Elwes story do not end there: our conversation included tales of chance encounters with Al Pacino as well as Cary's being cast in the role of his grandfather's boss in a soon-to-be-released Guy Ritchie movie (more of which later).

Cary Elwes has filled the intervening years with an enormous amount of work. The seeds of his passion for acting were sowed in his youth. "I developed an interest as a kid," he says. "I grew up in a single-parent household, and television became my friend growing up in England. I started to study comedians, drama, movies, T.V. shows. It became my passion, and because I had so much fun studying it, I realised I had found my calling very early on."

Like many in the U.K. who acquire some formal acting education, the grounding, emphasis and focus for Cary was on the theatre. It is not dissimilar to the way in which new military recruits learn the ancient elements of soldiering — infantry — before discovering further skill sets. Or perhaps reciting *amo*, *amas*, *amat* before *Ich liebe*, *tu aimes*, *lui ama*. "I am of that era when I studied all the theatrical greats, like Olivier, Gielgud... One of my favourites was Ralph Richardson... Burton, O'Toole... All of them; I studied them all." However, his passion was not limited to board-treading Britons: "I wanted to study my favourite American actors, and most of them had studied in New York. I got my real training at the Lee Strasberg institute in New York."

"He said, 'These are muscles, Cary. You have to work these out, too.' He convinced me to audition, and I got in."

He began studying at schools in America but his eventual enrolment at the Lee Strasberg Theatre and Film Institute was inspired only by a chance meeting with Pacino (a man who would surely have been on Cary's list of favourite American actors). "I came across Al Pacino in a restaurant, and he was the catalyst for getting me to audition for the Lee Strasberg institute," Cary says. "He essentially changed my career path. I saw him in a restaurant and I didn't want to interrupt him. My friend said that I was an actor, and [Pacino] asked what I was doing. I said I was between jobs, and he said, 'Oh, well, you're drifting', and my heart sank — I thought, Great, Michael Corleone has called me a drifter. He tapped my forehead and said, 'What's this?' I said it was my brain but he said no, then he tapped my heart and asked, 'What's that?' I said, 'It's not my heart, is it?', and he said, 'No, these are muscles, Cary. When you go to the gym you have to work these out, too.' So he convinced me to go and audition, and I got in and haven't stopped working since."

This is indeed the case. Cary's early career included hit after hit, from his clean-cut (and groundbreakingly homoerotic) portrayal of James Harcourt in the screen adaptation of *Another Country* to roles in Tom Cruise's *Days of Thunder*, the *Top Gun*

Terry double-breasted blazer, navy cotton shirt and neckerchief, all **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; sunglasses, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

This page:
Olive linen dressing gown, white T-shirt and linen trousers, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; Gommino loafers, **Tod's**; sunglasses, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

Opposite page:
Black wool dinner suit, white shirt, white T-shirt, silk pocket-square, bow-tie and patent derbys, all **Giorgio Armani**; sunglasses, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

spoof *Hot Shots!*, *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, and *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*. The film on his résumé that has forged the most significant cultural legacy, though, is the fantasy romp *The Princess Bride*, in which Cary stars in the role of Westley.

As with several cult films, like *Withnail and I*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *The Big Lebowski*, *The Princess Bride* did not find a big audience until long after its release. "It was a slow burn, it wasn't till it came out on VHS, it was a late bloomer," Cary says. "Because of that, I had become less focused on not treating success and failure the same way, like Rudyard Kipling states, and we had all moved on to other things. It was a wonderful surprise that all these years later an audience had found this movie in their VCRs, and it took off. You're lucky as an actor to have anyone resonate with your work, but that one seemed to hit the jackpot."

Cary established himself as the Errol Flynn of the late 20th century, a dashing matinee idol.

Whether it was the handsome, wavy hair, the pencil moustache, or the fine fencing form (acquired in months of training and choreography with his *pas de deux* partner Mandy Patinkin), Cary established himself as the Errol Flynn of the late 20th century, a dashing matinee idol who was matched as a love interest with the then ingenue Robin Wright. (Their careers would have similar trajectories, with enormous hits bookending back-to-back projects, which included, for Cary, *Twister*, *Liar Liar* and *Saw*.)

The timing of Cary's career means he has straddled different eras. The elder statesmen of Hollywood when he started out never came to know streaming, and the yearlings today have known nothing else. "I think streaming and phones have changed everything," he says. "Young people get most of their information and entertainment from phones. Do I try to encourage my daughter to watch T.V. and go to the theatre and cinema more? Yes, because I try to explain to her that these shows she's watching are not made for telephones. You need to appreciate the production value and the quality of the direction, the acting and all of the departments — you can really only appreciate that on a big screen."

He has tried to mitigate the effects of all this, aided by his career and the capacity to include clauses in his contracts that allow him to take his family to filming. "I am very fortunate I have earned the respect of [the studios'] business affairs to accommodate me in very generous ways," he says. "That is an important part. I have earned the right after all these years to help facilitate the ability to spend more time with my family. I try to have them with me on location.

Terry double-breasted blazer, navy cotton shirt and neckerchief, all **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; sunglasses, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

Camel herringbone wool blazer, cotton shirt and tartan wool tie, all **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**.

It grounds me. I like being with them, but it gets complicated with school, that is a challenge. But having my daughter on set helps her get an insight into the scale of things when a film or T.V. show is made."

Cary's longevity in the industry has been sweetened by a recent purple patch. In fact, he is almost everywhere, from *Stranger Things* to a couple of biopics — *Blackberry*, which is about the rise and decline of the once-ubiquitous device, and *Sweetwater*, about Nat Clifton, one of the first black basketball players in the NBA. He has also done two Guy Ritchie movies (one out now on Amazon Prime and one released in 2024), and of course the next instalment of the *Mission: Impossible* franchise, *Dead Reckoning Part One*.

In Ritchie's entertaining *Operation Fortune: Ruse de Guerre*, Cary plays the unflappable and poetically named Nathan Jasmine, a rakishly dressed figure who commands the operation led by the film's protagonist and eponym, Orson Fortune (played by Ritchie's muse, Jason Statham). "Guy is a joy to work with," Cary says. "He is a fabulous director, he's a great storyteller, wonderful with actors and story development, it is just exhilaration. I find myself learning a lot more on a Guy Ritchie movie, as he moves very fast. He is very hands-on in every department; there is not one department he doesn't have his eye on, and that is why his films are very specific. He has a great understanding of tone, pace and humour. Without his humour the films would be a different thing altogether. You will have a great day at work with Guy Ritchie."

The following instalment in his Ritchie collaboration is the much anticipated *The Ministry of Ungentlemanly Warfare*, which also stars Henry Cavill, Henry Golding and Alex Pettyfer. The name makes it sound fictional — possibly for a video game of some kind — but in fact it is based on a true story. The name derives from a nickname of the Special Operations Executive, or S.E.O., which enacted espionage, sabotage and reconnaissance operations during world war II. What is amazing for Elwes is that he gets to play his grandfather's superior, Brigadier Colin Gubbins. Shows such as *SAS: Rogue Heroes*, which aired on the BBC, have proved that viewers will still respond to second world war dramas, especially if they are conceived with a specific focus. "It seems that world war II films are having a renaissance, which is a great thing," Cary says. "They are ripe for material, which we found with *Ministry*, and I think there is an audience for it. It has cultural and sociological value."

Not much can be said about *Mission: Impossible — Dead Reckoning Part One*, because, as with my interview with Jon Hamm around *Top Gun: Maverick* (2022), there is a sense there are snipers on roofs ready to take out any embargo breakers. But it was at least heartening to hear that after all these years, since *Days of Thunder* in 1990, in fact, Tom Cruise hasn't broken his stride. Cary says: "Tom and I haven't worked together for 30 years, and he's the same guy, he's a wonderful talent, a really genuinely magnanimous guy. He is all about the teamwork, encouraging you to do your best. It is a fun, light shoot — you wouldn't think so given that it is such an intense subject matter and topic and genre, but it is really fun. I came home every day with a smile on my face, and that's a great thing."

"Tom and I haven't worked together for 30 years. He's the same guy — he's all about the teamwork."

Cary has added himself to the cohort of men who are showing that relevance, sex appeal and charisma are not contingent on youth. He is among the sexagenarians who continue to work on challenging, action-packed, physical films. His energy levels are certainly showing no signs of waning. "I have a desire to keep learning and growing, and other artists help me along that journey," he says. "I think I've managed to attract the kind of people and the kind of projects that I want to work on in my life, and that's a blessing."

The formative years of my movie watching were spent, by and large, watching Cary Elwes films. I would have been grateful enough for that, but discovering the extraordinary decades-old coincidence that helped lead me to this interview made it that much sweeter and more poignant. The inevitable sense of nostalgia provoked by the merest mention of *The Princess Bride* is one thing, but Cary has no need for it: he's still busy creating new moments of film legend. In other words, he is busy living in the moment, which too is a blessing.

Grey cashmere cardigan, linen pinstripe trousers, cashmere shirt, all **Brunello Cucinelli**; neckerchief, *stylist's own*; brown Oxfords, **John Lobb**.

PRODUCTION: GARETT QUIGLEY
GROOMING: SONIA LEE FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS USING BALMAIN HAIR COUTURE

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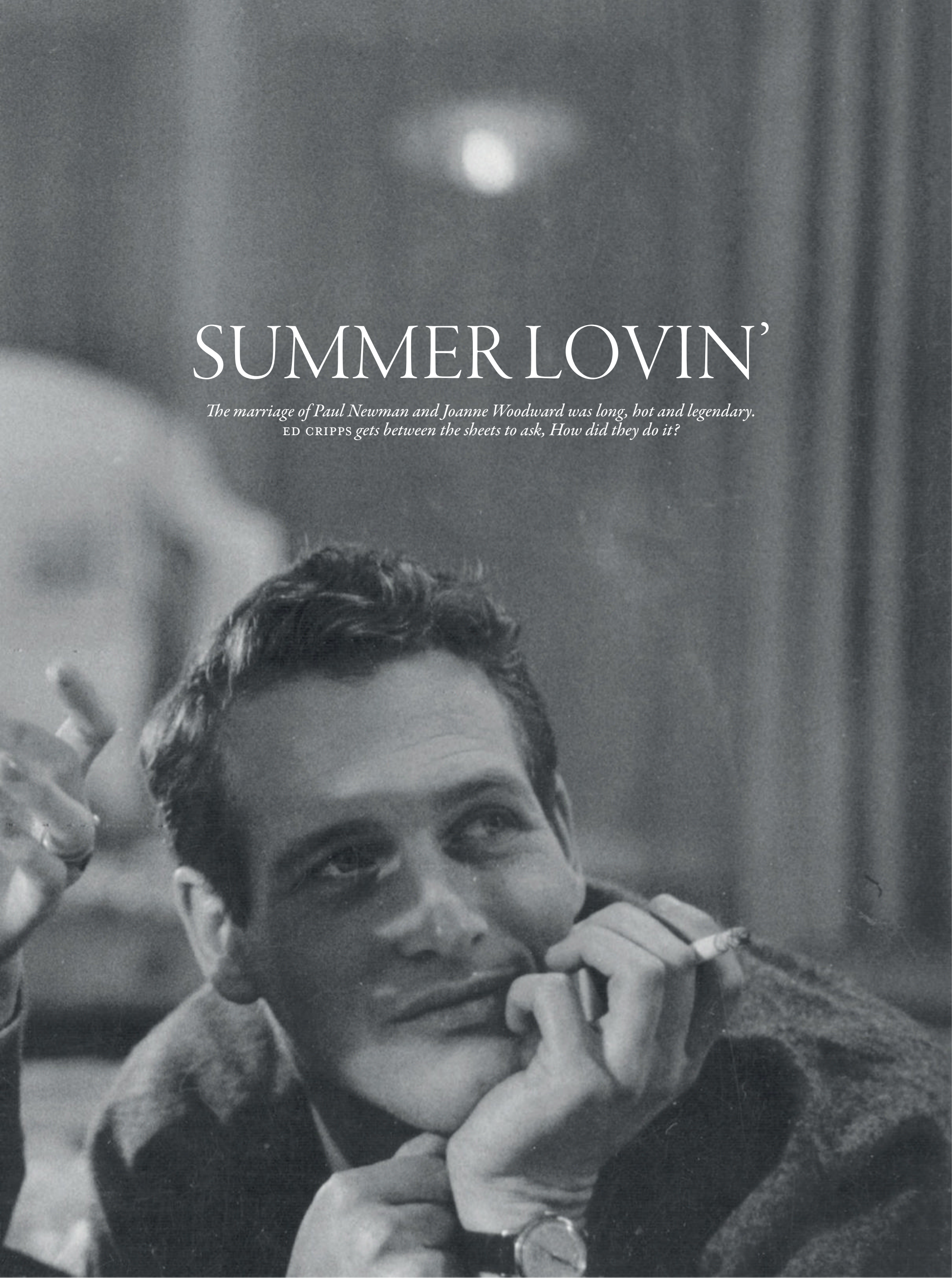
SUMMER LOVIN'

The marriage of Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward was long, hot and legendary.
ED CRIPPS *gets between the sheets to ask, How did they do it?*



Previous spread: **Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman in 1958.**

This page: **A studio portrait issued as publicity for the film *The Long Hot Summer*, 1958.**

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The love story of actors Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward is unique in the Hollywood firmament. Married for 50 years until Newman's death in September 2008, they were also indefatigable collaborators, making 16 films together (many of which Newman directed). Two works that came out last year shed new light on their admirable, complicated relationship. *The Last Movie Stars*, a six-part HBO Max documentary about the couple, directed by Ethan Hawke and executive-produced by Martin Scorsese, brought to life a treasure trove of interviews conducted by the writer Stewart Stern with Newman, Woodward, and many of the key figures in their lives. These interviews also form the basis of *The Extraordinary Life of an Ordinary Man*, Newman's riveting posthumous memoir. Often sanctified and sanitised as the dream Hollywood couple, the documentary and the book reveal new depths, edges and vulnerabilities that make them even more intriguing and humane.

Born in Shaker Heights, Ohio on January 26, 1925, Paul Leonard Newman was the son of a Jewish father and a Roman Catholic mother who ran a sports shop together. Newman described his father as a "very expensive violin with a lot of broken strings". After briefly attending Ohio University, Paul joined the U.S. Navy during world war II. In 1945 he survived a kamikaze attack on the aircraft carrier Bunker Hill because the pilot to which Newman was assigned as a radioman-gunner had earache, so he and his crew were grounded — an early example of the 'Newman's luck' that would shape his early life. In 1949 he married the aspiring actress Jackie Witte (with whom he'd have three children) and moved to New York two years later to study under Lee Strasberg at the fabled Actors Studio.

Joanne Gignilliat Trimmier Woodward was born on February 27, 1930, in Georgia. Aged nine, she attended the *Gone with the Wind* premiere in Atlanta and jumped into the lap of Laurence Olivier, the partner of the film's star, Vivien Leigh, as he was passing in a limousine. (When Woodward and Olivier worked together 40 years later, on a T.V. production of *Come Back, Little Sheba*, Olivier told her he remembered the moment.) After her parents' divorce, Woodward slept in the same bed as her mother through high school. She majored in drama at Louisiana State University, then moved to New York, also to study at the Actors Studio.

Woodward and Newman met in 1953 during the Broadway run of William Inge's play *Picnic*, for which both actors were understudies. Joanne thought Paul "looked like he'd been kept on ice. And I hated him", yet she went home and told her flatmate that he was the man she'd marry. They soon embarked on an affair, even though Newman was still married to Jackie. Before Newman, Woodward was reported to have been engaged to the rakish Gore Vidal (with whom she briefly shared a house in L.A.), but she later claimed she was a beard for the bisexual Gore, who became lifelong friends of Newman and Woodward, picking up on their contrast of styles as people and performers. With Woodward, "everything is instinctive and natural. The difference between her and Paul is he's constantly thinking, thinking. It sometimes gets in his way." Newman, he felt, was wrestling with the perception that acting was something "unmanly" that he was meant to approach "like a physicist or an astronaut. Whereas women are meant to be actresses in real life."

They had a specially designed room in their house, off the master bedroom, that Woodward called 'the Fuck Hut'.

Woodward's annus mirabilis was 1958. On January 29 she married Paul in Las Vegas. Two months later she won an Oscar for best actress. In *The Three Faces of Eve*, she plays a woman with three personalities. It's a fascinating performance: rich, intuitive and ahead of its time. She and Paul also appeared in their first film together — *The Long, Hot Summer*, a critical triumph for which Newman won best actor at the Cannes film festival.

Though they were Hollywood's new golden couple, the reality was that Newman had left his first wife, Jackie, with three children under the age of five, and Jackie herself had wanted to be an actress. As her daughter Stephanie said: "My mum got divorced and Joanne got her Oscar." Newman channelled the shame he felt over the affair into his performance in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. As he put it, "that disgust with mendacity is really disgust with myself". He received his first Oscar nomination later in 1958 for that very performance.

Joanne once said: "Acting is like sex. You should do it, not talk about it." Newman didn't always adhere to that. In his memoir, Newman says that Joanne helped him reach a sexual epiphany: "Joanne gave birth to a sexual creature. We left a trail of lust all over the place." They even had a specially designed room in their house, off the master bedroom, that Woodward called 'the Fuck Hut'. When Newman was asked in a 1968 interview with *Playboy* how he remained faithful to Woodward, now he was one of the world's most eligible men, Newman gave the now-famous

Clockwise from top left: Woodward and Newman on their wedding day in Las Vegas; Woodward holds her best actress Oscar; messing about, circa 1963; arriving at the Harwyn Club; and at an art gallery in New York.

Clockwise from top left: A portrait together; Newman does a headstand supported by Joanne; Newman and Woodward before a flight; Newman photographs Woodward at home; and at the Tony awards in New York, 1968.

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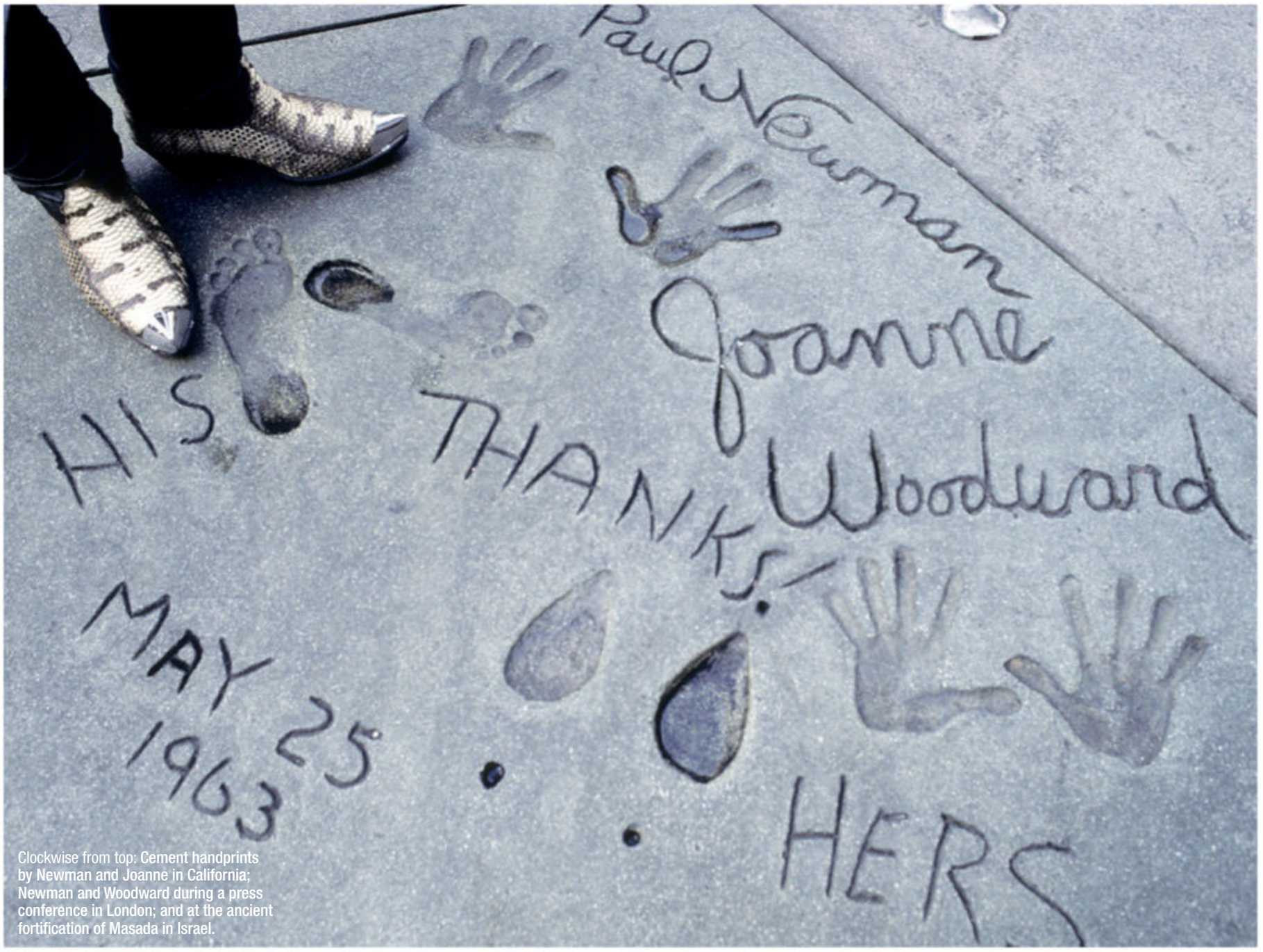


Clockwise from top: Cement handprints by Newman and Joanne in California; Newman and Woodward during a press conference in London; and at the ancient fortification of Masada in Israel.

GETTY IMAGES

answer: "I have steak at home; why go out for hamburger?" This enraged Woodward so much it nearly ended their marriage. As she rightly said, "What a chauvinist statement. I am not a piece of meat."

One of the surprises of the memoir and documentary is how much Newman doubted himself. In his early career he worried that he lacked an "immediacy of personality" and wasn't a "true eccentric" compared to contemporaries like John Malkovich, Rip Torn or Geraldine Page. In an awful way, Newman's career may have benefited from the death of James Dean, as parts that might have gone to Dean were now more likely to go to Newman. As Newman said, "luck is an art, and I lucked out".

He needn't have worried. His career exploded in the sixties with a trio of indelible performances, in *The Hustler* (1961), *Cool Hand Luke* (1967) and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (1969). The actor Sam Rockwell calls *Cool Hand Luke* "the quintessential Paul Newman performance, like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was for [Jack] Nicholson". Though all three roles have Newman's breezy charm, they also have the silhouette of tragedy. Look at the self-hatred in Newman's delivery of "do you think I'm a loser?" in *The Hustler*, or the agonised restraint with which he plays *Plastic Jesus* on the banjo after his mother's death in *Cool Hand Luke*. As with *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Newman may have been able to express vulnerabilities on screen more easily than off (his first wife, Jackie, said she never saw him cry).

By contrast, Woodward's career slightly stalled. In an echo of her character in *The Three Faces of Eve*, Joanne wrestled between three different identities — mother, wife and actor. Woodward told *The New York Times* in 1981: "Initially I probably had a real movie-star dream. It faded somewhere in my mid thirties, when I realised I wasn't going to be that kind of actor. It was painful. Also, I curtailed my career because of my children. Quite a bit. I resented it at the time, which was not a good way to be around the children. Paul was away on location a lot. I wouldn't go on location because of the children. I did once, and felt overwhelmed with guilt."

While Newman reached new heights, Woodward was limited to films like *The Stripper* (1963), based on a play by William Inge (whose *Picnic* had first brought Newman and Woodward together). A potentially complex part, it was re-cut by the producer into something less nuanced (*The New York Times* review said "the scantiest thing about it was its artistic quality. Not a stitch of dramatic respectability covers its rickety bones").

Newman and Woodward had four children together, daughters Nell, Melissa and Clea, and son Scott, an aspiring actor and stuntman. The 1969 film *Winning* (in which Newman and Woodward both starred) reflects elements of Newman's troubled relationship with Scott. As Newman once told the director Sydney Pollack, "I don't think I'd want to be my own son". In 1978 Scott died of a drug overdose — an unthinkable tragedy.

Paul was tormented by alcoholism. In the documentary there is home-video footage of him drunk, pretending to be drunk, and (most poignantly) one of his children doing an impression of their drunk dad.

"I had a real movie-star dream. It faded in my thirties. It was painful... I resented it at the time."

Newman was convinced he'd die at 55, the same age as his father. There's a darkness and ennui to some of Newman's roles around this period, like the physicist in Hitchcock's uneven *Torn Curtain*, or his Buffalo Bill in Robert Altman's 1976 revisionist western, which demystifies the famous soldier-turned-showman as a figure of jaded ambivalence. Woodward gave Paul an ultimatum to give up drink. He did, eventually.

Their daughter Melissa said Woodward could also be difficult: "Mercurial, anxiety driven, she could hold a grudge, could be very dark and moody, but also charming and fiercely easy."

The other great passion in Newman's life was car racing. It's suggested in the documentary that he found the same peace and grace in racing as he did in drinking. He discovered his new obsession while training at the Watkins Glen driving school for the filming of *Winning*. He took it so seriously, and became so good, that he won four national championships and came second in the 1979 24 Hours of Le Mans in driver Dick Barbour's Porsche 935. He once said, "If you're going to crash, crash decisively". His favourite races were "the ones where I spin out early into a losing position, then start to meticulously knock them out one by one, 'cause when you don't give a shit there's nothing at stake, nothing to protect, nothing to lose, you just go. It all becomes a lark."

A minor saving grace of Newman's drinking was his brilliance at playing drunk on screen. Look at the poker scene in *The Sting*, or (even better) the merciless authenticity of his alcoholic lawyer in Sidney Lumet's *The Verdict* (1982), down to the way he uses eyedrops to hide alcohol-induced redness (a detail Newman suggested himself). This film was the cinematic equivalent of winning a race from last place.

Newman and Woodward hold hands at a dinner party at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Clockwise from top:
At the Academy Awards in Los Angeles in 1969; on location for a television special; in New York City in the 1970s; at the premiere of the film Blaze; and at a Lime Rock car race in Connecticut in 1980.

It's a devastating performance, maybe Newman's best, and earned him his seventh Oscar nomination. Then came *The Color of Money* (1986), Martin Scorsese's sequel to *The Hustler*. Scorsese said to the writer Richard Price: "We're making a well-tailored suit here." The suit finally won Newman his first Oscar, a ceremony he deliciously, after years of not winning, chose not to attend. In 1983, on their 25th anniversary, he and Woodward renewed their wedding vows, at which Paul lauded "a common search for the good and the beautiful. It's not only marrying the right partner, it's being the right partner."

Joanne's career had an even more satisfying renaissance, ignited by Newman himself. She was particularly good at capturing unfulfilled teachers and unhappy mothers. In *Rachel, Rachel* (1968), Newman's first film as a director, Woodward plays a Connecticut teacher who finds sexual awakening in her mid thirties; she was Oscar nominated for best actress. In *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* (1972), Newman directed her again and cast their own daughter Nell Potts opposite her. Woodward hated her character, Beatrice (a dysfunctional mother), and hated bringing her home, but it won her the best actress prize at Cannes. A year later she won a Bafta for *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams* for playing a depressed New York housewife.

She also thrived in prestige T.V. about serious subjects, like drugs and race relations. She won Emmys for *See How She Runs* (1978), playing a divorced teacher who trains for a marathon, and *Do You Remember Love* (1985), as a professor with Alzheimer's. As Woodward noted at the time, "I seem to be the only person I know who enjoys getting older".

For all their private troubles, they were heroic forces for public good. Building on the social consciences they showed protesting the Vietnam war and defending Martin Luther King, they built a lucrative philanthropic empire that includes the Hole in the Wall Gang (a free summer camp for sick children), the Scott Newman Centre for drug abuse, and a range of pasta sauces. As one commentator notes in the documentary, the couple's business model reformulated what a company that makes money can be, and channels that into helping people. They were also generous mentors to younger actors like Allison Janney, who thanked them for their support in her 2018 Oscar acceptance speech.

In 1990 Woodward graduated from Sarah Lawrence College in New York along with her daughter Clea. Paul gave a speech, during which he revealed he'd had a recent dream in which a woman had asked him, "How dare you accept this invitation to give the commencement address when you are merely hanging on to the coattails of the accomplishments of your wife?" Their last film together was Merchant Ivory's *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*; *The New York Times* praised them for "the most adventurous, most stringent performances of their careers".

Newman's final performance was a formidable one, as the mob boss John Rooney in Sam Mendes' *Road to Perdition* (2002), a film teeming with fraught family dynamics. It's interesting that Newman seemed to feel more success and comfort as an older actor than as a middle-aged actor, in the same way that (judging by the documentary) being a grandfather seemed to come more naturally to him than being a father.

Before he died, he slipped his old compass inside her Christmas stocking so she'd have a present for her first Christmas without him.

Woodward was diagnosed with Alzheimer's in 2007. Nine days later, Newman was diagnosed with terminal cancer. Before he died, he slipped his old compass inside her Christmas stocking so that she'd have a present for her first Christmas without him.

Woodward now lives in Westport, Connecticut, where she and Newman raised their daughters. Though retired from acting, her screen presence is still palpable. *The Age of Innocence*, Scorsese's sumptuous 1993 adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel, was re-released this year and is narrated, reassuringly, by Woodward. The glamour, depth and mystique of their love also continues to reverberate. In 2017, Newman's 1968 'Paul Newman' Rolex Daytona sold for $17,752,500 — a world record for a watch sold at auction. A major part of its allure is its inscription from Woodward: 'DRIVE CAREFULLY ME'.

What was the secret of their relationship? According to Woodward, Newman was "very good looking and very sexy and all of those things, but all that goes out the window and what is left is, if you can make somebody laugh... And he sure does keep me laughing." Newman put it down to a "combination of lust and respect and patience. And determination." Vidal felt "the marriage worked so well because they have nothing in common. They don't get in each other's way." Their relationship started as a picnic and ended as a pair of bridges. Cinema was the river into which they poured their lives. They grew up together, but their love remained a heady summer. The fresh joys and renewals they found in each other recalls a line from *The Age of Innocence*: "Each time you happen to me all over again."

A *torcedor*, or roller, adds the wrapper to a cigar.

THE BIG SMOKE

The Habanos Festival, the Oscars of the Cuban cigar world, made its post-pandemic comeback this year. THE RAKE*'s Editor-in-Chief,* TOM CHAMBERLIN*, was given privileged access to one of the biggest events in Cuba's calendar.*

Cuba is a country designed to enchant, where every route is the scenic one. The financial precariousness of the country — shortages and maintenance troubles, the dubious infrastructure — is not easily hidden from view. Regardless, there really is no other country in the world quite like it, and when I returned, 10 years after my first visit, I found that this Caribbean time capsule had lost none of its magic. The revolutionary claws still leave their mark, but the island has so much to give.

In late February the flights to Havana were chock-a-block with cigar enthusiasts visiting the annual Habanos Festival for the first time since the pandemic. These are five days when the world can converge on Cuba and enjoy privileged access to various aspects of the cigar industry, from farmers and their plantations to new releases and special events for the year's flagship brands.

I was invited by the good folk of the 230-year-old Hunters & Frankau, the sole importers of Cuban cigars into the United Kingdom and Gibraltar. Having checked into the splendid Grand Packard hotel, at the end of the Prado (a famous main street of Havana), the festival awaited.

This year was significant in that it marked the return of the festival after the pandemic, and the first since the damage wrought by Hurricane Ian in 2022. The President of Cuba, Miguel Díaz-Canel, performed the official opening, which was also a first, and added to the symbolism. Most of the industry attention was on Montecristo, Bolívar and Partagás, who each had major releases, and Hunters pulled off a monumental task in managing the schedule of a festival that took us off the beaten track.

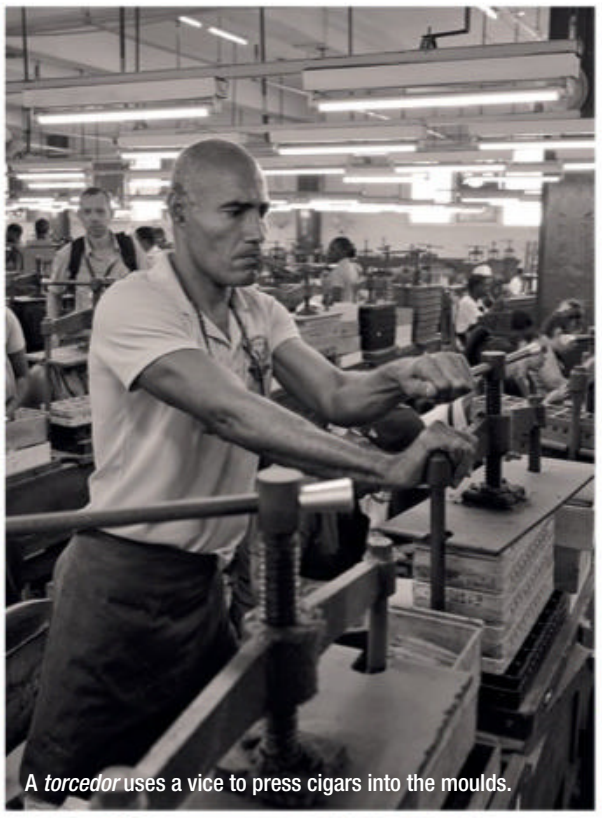
The press conference

We gathered at the entrance to the conference room, laden with microphones and headsets. Many people were seeing each other for the first time — often you overheard "I follow you on Instagram" by way of introduction, and there was a general sense of ebullience and excitement. Why? Well, the press conference was not only going to regurgitate the 'Cuba strong' messaging we expected, but the announcements included the newest releases for 2023. I managed to ask a question about the effects of the price hike from earlier in the year. Habanos seemed happy with the results of the hike, and the fact that the market had responded well to it. Price parity in the market still produced good revenues despite worse accessibility for the average smoker. Certainly, a well-marketed set of limited releases seems set to provide the bulk of Habanos' future revenues, rather than standard releases, which, while they insisted would not be forgotten, have been made unsellable in some instances because of the unjustifiable cost-to-smoking-experience ratio.

The tobacco fields

The Rake is, as you know, a people-powered storyteller. We are dedicated to the people who dedicate their lives to an art. While the roller's craft is something I am fascinated by, and in awe of, it tells only half the story. Cigars are, after all, an agricultural product, and before the leaves are in a state to be rolled by hand into tubes and packaged, they have been worked on for years. To observe this work, we visited Lázaro Peña, 45 minutes outside Havana. To get there we travelled along the country's famously

El Laguito factory, the home of Cohiba.


A *torcedor* uses a vice to press cigars into the moulds.

Armando Trujillo gives a tour of the wrapper-leaf plantation in Lázaro Peña.

Arnaldo Vichot, a legendary master blender.

Jemma Freeman, the Chair of Hunters & Frankau, and Nick Foulkes at the gates of El Laguito.

Yolanda Medina, part of the first generation of female cigar rollers at El Laguito, who rolled cigars for Fidel Castro.

Jasim Ahmed, one of this year's Havana men of the year.

Eumelio Espino Marrero, the saviour of the Cuban tobacco industry.

The author in the quality control room at the La Corona factory.

wide and straight motorways — the idea was that they could be used as runways if needed.

Lázaro Peña is a region that specialises in wrapper leaves. Wrapper leaves are treated differently to the filler tobacco you find in the Vuelta Abajo region of Cuba, in that the fields of tobacco are sheltered by a muslin roof. This roof is like an artificial S.P.F. — it protects the leaves from the ferocity of the Caribbean sun and keeps them supple, ensuring the oils do not dry out. This allows the leaf to roll around the filler and hold everything in place. The wrapper may contribute only three per cent of the taste of the cigar, but it is a leaf that is treated with sovereign reverence.

We met Armando Trujillo, who was readying for his 40th harvest, so his knowledge could be bettered by few people. He has witnessed, and overcome, many problems in that time, from hurricanes, blue mould, parasites, and, of course, shortages. One year there was a string shortage in Cuba, and with no string there was no way to hoist the muslin leaves. It ruined the wrapper crop.

We met the man who saved the Cuban cigar industry when he found a variety of tobacco resistant to blue mould.

Not far from Armando was the workspace of Senora de Armas, a nominee for the Habanos man of the year award. Her art lies in the curing of leaves in her barns. Leaves require very special handling to go from bright green, freshly plucked leaves to aged wrappers that are brown, supple and combustible.

En route back to Havana we stopped at the Institute for Tobacco Research, where we met the man who saved the Cuban tobacco industry, Eumelio Espino Marrero. In 1994, 95 per cent of all tobacco grown in Cuba was ridden with blue mould and rendered unusable. He set to work to find a variety of tobacco that would be resistant not only to blue mould but other pests that plague farmers in Cuba. He was successful, producing six different varieties of tobacco that are entirely resistant. Watching his presentation, during which he took us through his years of studies, was riveting. He is not only a national hero for his efforts but an international one.

The factory visits

Cigar factories in Havana form a well-trodden path for tourists, but I'll be damned if it is not wasted on them. In each of the three factories we visited — the famed El Laguito, La Corona and Partagás — the bounty of cigars was overwhelming and remarkable. A tour of a factory leaves little to the imagination. The diligent women stripping thousands of woody centres from the leaves without damaging the wrapper in the stripping room ('despalillo'); the rolling rooms ('galera de torcido'), with row upon row of skilled hands stuffing bunched leaves expertly into moulds or adding the wrapper for that silky finish; the 'escogida de colores', or colour grading, where piles of cigars are separated into one of the five colour categories — claro (lightest), colorado claro, colorado, colorado maduro, and maduro (darkest); the application of the bands ('anillado'); and the quality control rooms, where cigars are checked before distribution.

Each room has a personality and a sense of function and awe. For anyone with a passing interest in cigars, it is like visiting the stadium of your favourite football team, getting a tour of the changing rooms — and realising every player you love happens to be there.

Hunters & Frankau did what only Hunters & Frankau can do, and organised a meeting at the Partagás factory with the tasting panel — men and women who meet at 12 o'clock every day to test a cigar and make sure it is of the required standard. We also got to meet Arnaldo Vichot, a legendary master blender who prepared cigars for the Duke of Windsor. This is a man who knows more than anyone else how extraordinary are the three leaves of a cigar — the seco (for aroma), volado (for combustibility) and ligero (for strength). In other words, he knows the breadth of potential flavours. He was even responsible for Nick Foulkes' favourite cigar, the Partagás D4 Reserva from 2005. It was a privilege to meet Vichot, who retired several years ago, but, at 92, took the time to meet us and tell us about how Yasser Arafat requested extra ligero leaf in his cigars, as he loved them strong, extraordinary.

What was not apparent from our tour, and perhaps won't be for another few years, was the shortage of tobacco after the damage done by Hurricane Ian last year. The timeline between harvesting and rolling is a couple of years, as tobacco ages (see the drying barn process from earlier), so how many cigars these rollers will get to roll per day (usually around 100 per person) when the time lag kicks in is yet to be seen. Habanos insist there is no need for worry, and

Clockwise from top left: The new Línea Maestra from Partagás – Maestro, Origen and Rito; the Bolivar Gold Medal; the Montecristo Open Slam; and the Línea Maestra in their boxes.

that there are ample reserves for this kind of scenario, but let's check in together in a few years' time and see what the situation is.

The three major launches

This was the year of Montecristo, Bolívar and Partagás.

The first major event was the Montecristo Open Slam. The Open range was launched in 2009, with Habanos saying, "It is made for those smokers who have more time to devote to their Habano". In other words, golfers. This new addition to the range was launched with drone-displayed fanfare at Club Havana, the old country club in the north-east of the city. It was a tremendous gathering. I was reliably informed that the multiple food stations (as opposed to a seated banquet) was a much improved adjustment from previous encounters, as it let everyone find spots for some smoking, dancing, music and general fun, with the cigar the centre of everyone's attention.

Each cigar was circulated between courses... I am delighted (slightly ashamed) to say that I smoked all three.

The second event suffered a little from middle-child syndrome: I think jet lag was catching up with people, some of whom also wanted to save their energy for the gala dinner that was to come at the end of the week. The second party celebrated the Bolívar Gold Medal, a fabulously sized cigar, 42-ring gauge, and six-and-a-half inches in length. It will stand out on the shelves because of the gold paper wrapper that sheathes half of the cigar, but I also loved holding it. The taste was light and creamy, quite removed from the traditionally truculent profile of Bolívar cigars (the Royal Corona is so strong it should really be a team effort to take it down). There was a man in a water jet-pack presenting the cigars and soaking anyone too close to the pool, and Habanos (perhaps mistakenly) decided to sell boxes at the event for those who wanted to be the first to get them — it was quite the melee and not all that edifying, but the evening was another triumph of joviality and good vibes.

The gala dinner was in honour of the new Línea Maestra, a sub-family of Partagás in the same vein as Romeo y Julieta's Línea de Oro. The three cigars in the family have been rebranded with a Prussian-blue colourway, and this blue covered the interior of the hall where we gathered for dinner. On the walls hung former Habanos men of the year, with the 2023 winner also announced in the evening.

Each cigar was circulated between courses while the dancing, singing and music kept everyone entertained. I am delighted (slightly ashamed) to say that I smoked all three cigars during the evening; of course, they all need time, but rest assured each will be extremely popular cigars. The triumvirate are individually named the Maestro, Origen and Rito, and all, unlike the Línea de Oro, are wildly different in size and format. You will have your favourite; mine was the Rito, though knowing me that will change.

There are three categories to the Habanos men of the year awards. One of the three winners was a friend of *The Rake*'s: Jasim Ahmed, whose tireless promotion of Habanos and their produce was rightly rewarded.

Then there were the auctions. The hype was intense, as some extraordinary prices were reached at the previous festival. This year there were six lots, each a humidor with an idiosyncratic design, packed with cigars from the brand whose marque the humidor bore. The battles between bidders were brutal, psychologically testing and marvellous entertainment for a room of people who thought the highlight would be a performance by Boney M (which was wonderful, by the way).

For better or worse, I see these auctions becoming a bit of a willy-waving contest between ultra-wealthy international smokers who convene in Havana specifically for the one-upmanship that an auction allows for. The fact that more than €10m was spent across the six lots was impressive, but one suspects that each year there will be great prestige attached to beating the record.

As cigars are a significant asset class, this type of behaviour will only strengthen their place in the cultural consciousness as a luxury product, in the same vein as a Patek Philippe watch or Savile Row suit. It felt like the auction helped Habanos oil the cogs they had been dropping into place, especially when you consider the objective behind the price hike. Throw in a week of visiting specialist artisans, as well as dedicated R&D, limited-edition releases, revamped packaging and storytelling, and the acquisition of half the business by a Chinese conglomerate, and it was apparent that the Cuban cigar had anointed itself as a player in the luxury market. In the first Habanos Festival after Covid, we can be certain this is only the beginning.

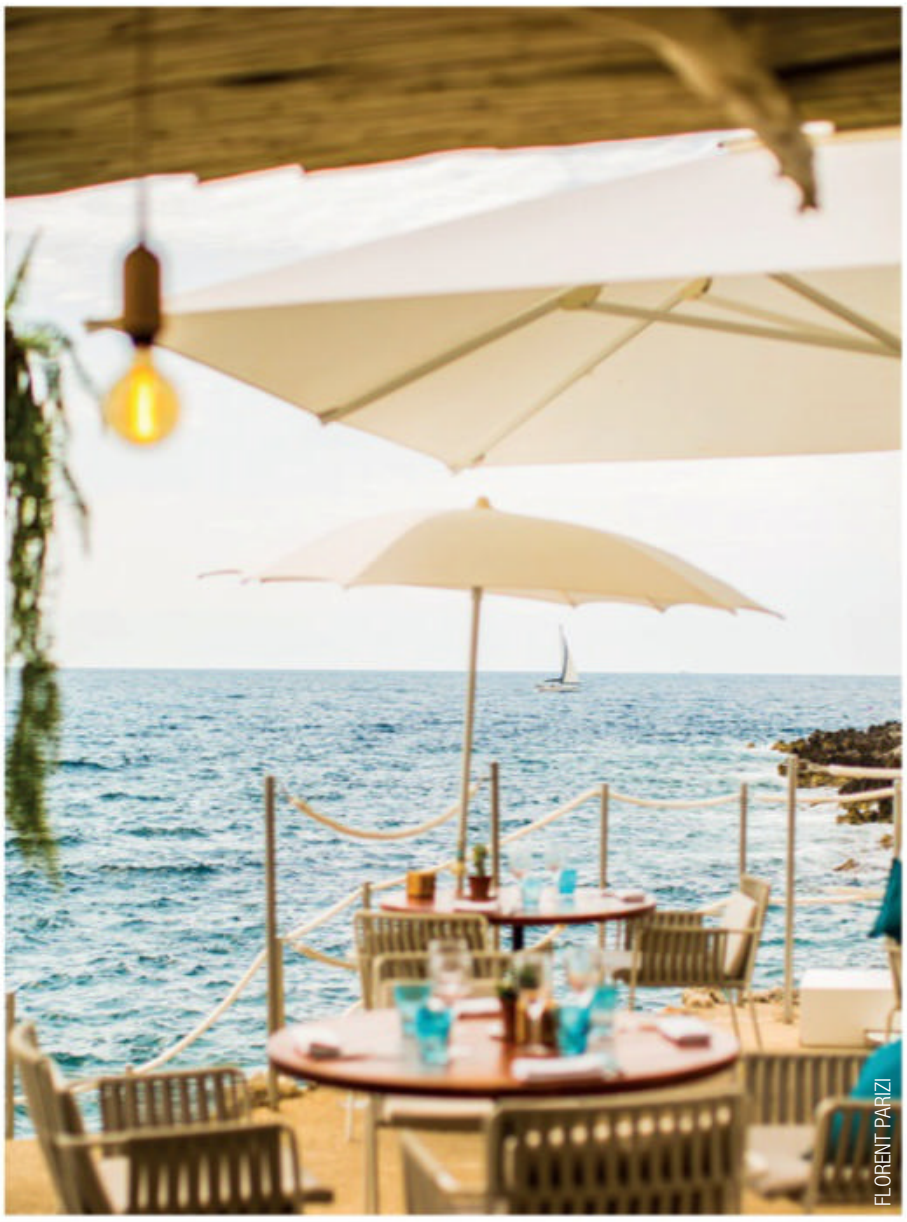
WINDOWS ON THE WORLD

When you need a rakish home from home, or just another perspective on life, these six hotels — recommended by our writers across the globe — will provide you with the R&R you deserve...

STÉPHANE ABOUDARAM

MATTEO CARASSALE

RICHARD HAUGHTON



FLORENT PARIZI

STÉPHANE ABOUDARAM

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Breathtakingly positioned a thousand feet above the Mediterranean is the Côte D'Azur's latest jewel: the Maybourne Riviera. As THE RAKE *discovered, there is no need to ask for a room with a view.*

by ***farhad heydari***

It's a stretch of coastline that lives in legend and lore, one that has inspired countless artists, from Renoir and Cézanne to Picasso and Matisse. The latter summed up its appeal by asking, "Do you remember the light through the shutters? It came from below, as if from theatre footlights. Everything was fake, absurd, amazing, delicious."

That intangible interplay between land and sea along the French Riviera that so beguiled the creative cognoscenti has also attracted innumerable hoteliers over the past century. They came to fashion either instant icons (think Hôtel du Cap-Eden-Roc, The Carlton, The Negresco, and Grand-Hôtel du Cap-Ferrat, to name just four) or bijoux properties that have slowly adopted that status (La Réserve Hotel Ramatuelle comes to mind).

The latest to join the constellation of five-star beauties strung along the Côte d'Azur from the Italian border west towards Saint-Tropez is The Maybourne Riviera (maybourneriviera.com), a sister hotel to London's Claridge's that occupies the former site of Vista Palace, itself a 1930s resort that became popular among the stylish set, including Coco Chanel and Le Corbusier, before it fell into disrepair and was closed for a decade.

Designed by the French architect Jean-Michel Wilmotte — who has worked on major projects ranging from the restoration of the historic Hôtel Lutetia in Paris to the Museum of Islamic Art in Doha — the 69-room newbuild occupies an unimpeachable perch on a rocky peninsula a thousand feet above the Mediterranean, with postcard-perfect views of Monaco from the village of Roquebrune-Cap-Martin.

In fact, each of the 46 rooms and 23 suites — created by a diverse group of boldface interior design names such as André Fu, Michelle Wu, Pierre Yovanovitch, Rigby & Rigby, and Bryan O'Sullivan — boast uninterrupted sea views: it is a bewitching tableau of distant sailboats, superyachts and the occasional daredevil hang-glider, all of which are framed by the floor-to-ceiling windows or enjoyed from the tubs, pools and terraces with which some suites are lavished.

Panoramas are omnipresent throughout the sleek structure, an angular assemblage of modernist steel and glass that, with its striking cantilevered infinity pool, has been improbably positioned on the vertiginous terraced hillside. Arguably the only element that competes for attention with the unparalleled views is the sizeable collection of museum-quality artworks, which includes photographs, tapestries, sliding stained-glass windows, and sculptures such as 'the Couple', a gleamingly bulbous work cast in aluminium by the French artist Louise Bourgeois that is suspended superjacent in the lobby.

Gourmands, however, will take exception to that characterisation, given the fact that the Italian-Argentine triple-Michelin-starred chef Mauro Colagreco, of Mirazur fame, oversees two of the hotel's three restaurants, including the refined Ceto, which is anchored by an open grill where a mostly seafood-centric menu is purveyed with inventiveness and aplomb worthy of its new star. A more casual eatery in the lobby serves up favourites such as salad niçoise and spaghetti alla Genovese, while down by the pool, Jean-Georges Vongerichten's oeuvre is on display in his light-as-air truffle pizza and decadent lobster rolls, among other standout specialities in a chilled-out, see-and-be-seen setting.

The same ethos is also the hallmark of the hotel's nearby beach club, to which guests are transported by open-topped bespoke biminis made in the hotel's signature lemon and white stripes. For those who overindulge (there are two inviting bars, after all, where inventive cocktails using local ingredients are de rigueur), a petite gym awaits back at the property as well as a cutting-edge holistic spa offering a broad range of face and body treatments.

The project was orchestrated as the fifth outpost of the U.K.-based Maybourne Hotel Group by the Belfast-born investor and hotelier Paddy McKillen and the royal family of Qatar, at a reported cost of £255m. McKillen, whose properties include the art-filled Château La Coste in Provence, was inspired by the modernist spirit of Irish architect and furniture designer Eileen Gray's E-1027 villa nearby, which you can glimpse as you wander the restored walkways carpeted in mosaic tiles painstakingly laid by Portuguese craftsmen. If the former holiday home appears to be gleaming from afar, that's because McKillen has contributed to its restoration, ensuring that this littoral's lore pays homage to the past as much as it does to the present and future.

JACK HARDY

JACK HARDY

JACK HARDY

THE CORINTHIA SPIRIT

No matter how hard you try, there is no escaping the attractions of London's Corinthia hotel. The conclusion, therefore, is why would you try?

by **tom chamberlin**

Recently a Hollywood film star, a matinee idol of the first order, came to London as part of a promotional tour. In a flight of fancy he broke from the pack and booked himself into an old-fashioned hotel, presumably to get a taste of the London experience that otherwise would have eluded him (and which, naturally, you could not find anywhere else in the world, certainly not Los Angeles).

However, within an hour or so he knew a mistake had been made, and so headed to the most reliable hotel in London for the Tinseltown set: Corinthia London.

The Corinthia is the archetype of holistic and efficient hospitality. The General Manager is the great Thomas Kochs, who is preoccupied in his pursuit of perfection in the client experience. He is so well known for this that he has had at least three camera crews from various British television channels shadow him on the job.

The hotel is spacious, comfortable and easy to navigate, and the food is tremendous. Thomas Kerridge's restaurant took over the popular Massimo's a few years ago, which was a huge risk at the time, but it has also proved to be extremely popular and in keeping with the hotel's milieu.

The spa is widely regarded as a level above the competition. Corinthia's advantage is that word of mouth spreads the good news rather than press releases or magazines, and the Corinthia is tried and tested and has built a fine reputation. It is not, though, resting on its laurels and has expanded its spa offering to include the pioneering London Regenerative Institute. Regenerative treatments and therapies — as well as diagnoses that would otherwise be found only at private clinics — are now available to the hotel's guests in a move that further sets the Corinthia apart from its rivals.

One of the secrets to the Corinthia is in how welcoming they are to non-guests as well as guests. If you are there for a work meeting, for example, it is completely acceptable: a place will be found for you with no fuss, and it has something of a members' club feel as a result.

Another strong suit is the penthouse range. Each has a different theme, from music to writing to the grandest of them all, the Royal, and each gives a beautiful view of London, one that is impossible for most establishments in buildings of that age, since they weren't built for rooftop entertainment. The Corinthia's architects did not miss an opportunity, and these rooms are spectacular, especially for families.

Then, of course, there is the assurance of privacy. If this is the hotel that studios choose for movie junkets, it's because they know the talent will be treated respectfully, luxuriously and discreetly. This is not an approach limited to famous folk, though, for it is part of the ethos that guides Kochs and his team as they deliver the ultimate London luxury hotel experience, whether you're there for a night or the summer.

This is not the first time *The Rake* has written about the Corinthia, and its inclusion in these pages again is a product of the consistency of excellence it shows whenever we visit for a meeting, an interview, a photoshoot or, indeed, to stay. It is the backbone of London's claim to offer the finest hospitality in the world.

PAUL THUYSBAERT

PAUL THUYSBAERT

SUN AND SOLACE

Raffles on the Palm takes the best of Dubai and adds another, rare ingredient to produce an Arabian haven.

by **tom chamberlin**

I can't be sure I was 100 per cent prepared for Raffles on the Palm. That might have been because I was not 100 per cent prepared for Dubai. The journey was straightforward and the airport was mightily slick; it was on the car journey across the emirate that this rather sheltered 36-year-old Londoner experienced a culture shock.

It is discombobulating to be somewhere that, architecturally speaking, merges Las Vegas and Canary Wharf on what is essentially a beach. Plenty has been written about Dubai, so I shan't dwell: the point is that it is a place where boundaries seek to be pushed and limits scrutinised. And on arriving at Raffles — it is located on the outer bough of the Palm Jumeirah islands, and is the most classical-looking of Dubai's hotels, with its five-domed roof and almost cathedral-like scale — you feel a sense of calm from the hustle and bustle.

That is not to say the hotel is serenely decorated: it is opulent, and the detailing in the décor is impressive. A Blüthner piano (which was designed for the hotel) and a portrait of Julius Blüthner are exactly the kind of Easter eggs a hotel should be offering.

My room was comfortable and spacious, with a terrific bathroom and space for clothing and essentials. The balcony overlooked the Arab peninsula: had I spent any longer there, it would have turned me into the Francis Bourgeois of shipping. From there, in form completely unique to Dubai, I could enjoy my cigars at leisure while finishing off my best man's speech for my twin brother. I try my best not to be over-prepared, so writing the speech three hours before the wedding was a risk, but my Bolívar Libertador, a belter of an iced latte (delivered to the room), my Caran d'Ache pen and the sea view could not have served me better for such a task.

I feared the scale of the hotel might mean you could get lost in the ether of its life — a place where you might get your room cleaned but a more personalised experience would be out of reach. The hotel had clearly thought this, too, so plenty of room has been dedicated to the various interests of the multitudes who stay there. The beach and pools, the yoga space, the spa, an exceptional patisserie, the restaurants, the bars and the provision for children's activities all take you away from the macro and into the comfort of the micro.

There were two restaurants that were particularly impressive. Piatti by the Beach is a pure riviera-chic Italian. They have got the tone just right, with a bright colour scheme, well-placed bougainvillea, and appropriate mise-en-scène: it will be familiar to anyone who has spent time on the Amalfi coast or in Capri. On a different plane is Matagi, only recently opened and clearly the apple of the hotel's eye. They have poured massive amounts of effort, time and resources into this Japanese restaurant. The space is dark, traditional and elegant: it is another world from the more palatial surroundings of the gilded central lobby, despite being a short walk from it. The chefs are from three-Michelin-starred sushi restaurants, and the food is as high in quality as you would expect, from the nigiri to the egg custard.

The competition between hotels in Dubai is fierce. New ventures open regularly, jostling for position, trying to attract not only the travelling type but the expat set. Raffles on the Palm is monk-like, unflustered by the hullabaloo around it. I left understanding why Dubai is the most popular travel destination of 2023. It has done extremely well at creating a Middle Eastern 'fun zone', though just as with Ibiza, there are those who like to be able to take a step out of the melee and find solace. In Dubai, that location is Raffles on the Palm.

SERENITY NOW

When is a hotel not just a hotel? When it's the rarefied world of Aman New York, an homage to tranquillity in that most famous of retiring towns.

by **farhad heydari**

In a city that's all about boastful, over-the-top superlatives (the biggest, the highest, the glitziest), it can be virtually impossible to set yourself apart if you're a newcomer, particularly if you're in the hospitality sector. But with their latest outpost, the Swiss-based Aman Group have taken a counterintuitive approach to their paradigm-shifting property on arguably the most vaunted and valued intersection of the Big Apple: the corner of 57th Street and Fifth Avenue in the heart of Midtown.

Housed in the Beaux-Arts Crown Building, Aman New York is the group's second urban offering (after Tokyo) and, in the months since it debuted, has already created its own discreet vortex by eschewing all the baseless hyperbole and instead purveying something altogether novel: a calm, collected and considered under-the-radar approach that also abjures the previously established norms for how a hotel ought to operate.

For starters, the property, which is across the street from the just-refurbished Tiffany & Co. flagship, is virtually inaccessible to anyone who hasn't booked one of the 83 suites. That's because, in addition to being a hideaway, like the ones Aman operates in places such as Venice and Kyoto but also in locales such as Bhutan, Laos, Cambodia and the Philippines, this particular refuge also doubles as a members' club and boasts 22 residences, including some of the most expensive apartments to have been sold in the city.

Needless to say, this engenders a rarefied aura that translates into a street-level entrance encircled by velvet ropes and dapperly outfitted doormen who dissuade and intercept gatecrashers or curiosity seekers, of which there is no shortage. Should you be one of the lucky few to be granted access, you enter a dimly lit, time-space continuum speckled with seasonal Ikebana arrangements and mixed-media artworks and then, having been whisked by elevator to the 14th floor, a Zen-inspired double-height pillared reception atrium dotted with fire pits, water features and surrounded by a verdant 7,000-square-foot all-season terrace, ideal for year-round alfresco drinking and dining.

The reception area bears some of the hallmarks of a typical hotel experience (a desk for the concierge here, a dais for staff there) but that's where the similarities end. For this isn't just a hotel. It's a world of meticulously curated art-cum-design: an interaction between materials, motifs, textures and surfaces, ranging from smoothed and textured to latticed and herringbone, from chocolatey marble to melonized steel and every shade and type of wood you can think of. Cumulatively it underscores not only an obsessive attention to detail but references Aman's meditative Eastern roots (the first of their 34 properties was in Thailand). It all comes together in a peaceful homage to Aman's Sanskrit-derived name, courtesy of the Malaysia-based Belgian designer Jean-Michel Gathy, of Denniston Architects, for whom this represents his 11th project for the brand.

A pair of restaurants spotlighting seasonal fare — Japanese and Italian, respectively, and one more eye-catching than the other — anchor the reception level, which also houses a buzzy bar and the discreet entrance to the members' club and cigar lounge. Most guests, however, will make a beeline to the centrepiece of this urban sanctuary: the 25,000-square-foot (2,300-square-metre) Aman Spa.

Spread across three-floors, it features a bounty of amenities, services, treatments and products that are frankly peerless, starting with a 65-foot (20-metre) swimming pool encircled by fireplaces and chaises that will enchant even the most jaded of cosmopolitan sybarites. There are, as you would imagine, countless treatment rooms and spa suites (some with their own eastern European banya or Moroccan hammam), a state-of-the-art fitness centre incorporating unrivalled performance and recovery apparatus, including a VacuTherm stepper, a VacuTherm treadmill and infrared body roll, plus cryotherapy. Dedicated yoga and Pilates studios also beckon, as do changing rooms with steam and saunas and a boutique stocked with branded skincare, fragrances, supplements and must-haves from their own Italian-made ready-to-wear collection.

Whatever the therapy (retail, wellness or otherwise), guests are further mollycoddled in their spacious, soundproofed suites, each decked out with a cosy fireplace and an eye-catching large-scale art mural inspired by the 15th-century masterpiece Pine Trees (Shōrin-zu byōbu) by Hasegawa Tōhaku, yet another nod to Aman's Asian design vernacular. And just when you thought there couldn't be more to this incomparable offering, there is: a decadent, subterranean speakeasy called the Jazz Club, where, via an unmarked entrance, one enters a world in which the music of the Great American Songbook dominates. Lined with cushioned sofas and semicircular banquettes, it's the kind of place from which you'll emerge boasting about the experience — even if Aman refuse to do it themselves.

RICH STAPLETON

RICH STAPLETON

RICH STAPLETON

L'BUSINESS

Listen, there's Hollywood and there's the American film community. The two things are not the same. L'Ermitage in Beverly Hills will show you why.

by ***tres dean***

It is easy to get lost in Los Angeles. Unlike most of the great American cities, it is not laid out in a neatly navigable grid, nor is it friendly to travellers with no internal compass. L.A. is a sprawl of micro-neighbourhoods and winding roads divided by a complex highway system, valleys and low mountains. Many see this as a bug when it can so easily be a feature. The joy of Los Angeles is in getting lost, in letting yourself wander the labyrinth. Rather than attempting to locate its mythic centre (that one restaurant or bar where you'll catch a glimpse of the celebrity you've heard sometimes makes appearances at a table in the back), you're far better off wandering the maze and seeing where it takes you. Most of the dead-ends at the very least have great tacos.

Once you find your way out, though, you'll need a home base to return to. Los Angeles has no shortage of stunning hotels, many of which have reputations that rival some of the city's more notorious residents. Still, as tempting as it may be to book a suite, I'd gently advise that the legend never quite lives up to the stay (though a reservation at one of their restaurants or bars is often a far more fulfilling way to scratch the itch). No, for an experience that will leave you feeling like an A-list star in ways you didn't realise you could, the hotel you're looking for is tucked away in a nondescript side street in Beverly Hills. Welcome to L'Ermitage.

The hotel dates to 1975, originally conceived as a residential building but eventually developing into the finest luxury hotel in Los Angeles, consisting exclusively of spacious suites. A favourite of celebrities who aren't looking to be seen, upon check-in you'll receive authentic movie-star treatment — not pomp and circumstance but rather quiet familiarity, the staff greeting you by name before you're able to introduce yourself. It feels like being whisked away by safe and steady hands, and it instils the sense that whatever your worries may be, L'Ermitage can soothe them.

You'll be greeted in your suite by a seasonal selection of local fruit and what I'll personally attest to being the most comfortable hotel bed you will ever sleep in. The suites are full of mirrors and bathed in that particular hotel room lighting that leaves you thinking, Is this the best I've ever looked?, which is exactly how you want to feel about your appearance when you're in Los Angeles. Draw a bath or take a steam shower. Wrap up in a robe and pull a shot of espresso from the suite's machine. Step out onto your balcony and gaze over the hotel's well-maintained hedges. You will find yourself adrift in the rarest commodity in Los Angeles: quiet. L'Ermitage is, above all else, quiet.

When you're ready for a bit more noise, you can make your way down to the hotel's famous (to those in the know, at least) Writer's Bar. They say the definitive Los Angeles cocktail is the Moscow Mule, and I say whoever says that hasn't tried the signature L'Ermitage Martini. Mingle with guests, many of whom likely have Hollywood jobs far more interesting than acting. Feeling peckish? Stroll over to L'Restaurant and order something from a menu full of local ingredients (the king salmon is eye-catching and delicious but the roast chicken is the dish you can't miss, served with a side of arrowhead cabbage prepared in a fashion that will have you dramatically reassessing the ceiling on how good cabbage can be). If you can't be bothered to leave the suite but still need a bite, the same menu is available 24/7 through the hotel's in-room dining service. At the very least, start your mornings with a pot of their excellent Red Bay coffee delivered to your door, best enjoyed on that same suite balcony in between deep breaths of fresh Californian breeze.

Up on the roof you'll find a pool with cabanas for rent and a view of Beverly Hills and Hollywood too divine for your phone to adequately capture. Some things must be experienced, not merely seen. The hotel is only eight stories high, plenty to set a lovely scene but not so high up that you feel removed from the city you're looking over. Rather, you'll see it from a point of view many don't even know is there, as though you and the hotel now share a secret. In fact, the greatest compliment I can pay L'Ermitage is that it provides the sort of hospitality that will make you hesitant to leave — high praise when what awaits outside its door is endless opportunity for adventure, discovery and excellent tacos.

GLORY DAYS

It might be a cliché to say that when you step inside the Capella Shanghai you are transported back in time, but that doesn't mean it is false.

by **feng yu**

About a year ago, when the restrictive measures designed by the Chinese government to curb the spread of the coronavirus had reached their most fevered stage, lives were mostly confined to the home. The world was not only minimised, it seemed to have left us behind. The idea of travel, even domestically, was a fantasy. Despite the ability to leave, being able to get into another country had its own set of challenges. It was in such circumstances that the idea of a 'staycation', a concept now well established in most metropolises, began to gain acceptance in China. In what seemed like a matter of weeks, 'resort' hotels popped up in rural areas all over the country. While this type of retreat offered an opportunity to 'escape', they left plenty to be desired in terms of amenities and services. In fact, the concept of luxury is nowhere to be found in the experiences offered. Developing a luxury hotel in an urban metropolis is, of course, a complex process in terms of cost, design and bureaucracy, but luckily for the residents of Shanghai, there is an existing property that is particularly apt for a stylish staycation.

The Capella Shanghai, which opened in 2017, is a unique property ideally situated in the former concession area of Shanghai, within walking distance to the most happening neighbourhoods of the city yet just close enough to the fringe where a sense of tranquillity can be found. Among the many historic architectures in the surrounding area, the Capella compound itself is developed from a residential complex built by French developers in the 1930s. Constructed as shikumen townhouses, an architectural style fusing western and eastern elements that appeared in Shanghai in the late 1800s, the style reached its peak as the glory days of old Shanghai were winding down. It might be a cliché to say that when you step inside the Capella compound you are transported back in history, but in this case, as these shikumen suites can testify, it feels true.

The best hotels are the ones in which, once you have checked in, you become equally as excited about exploring your destination as you are about spending time in your room. This is the mark of luxury that carries far more significance than any star rating, fancy restaurants, or brand cachet. At the all-suites Capella Shanghai, suite life is indeed sweet — even the smallest one-bedroom suites are larger than 100sqm, and what is offered is a courtyard, a terrace and three floors of beautiful décor waiting to be explored. A well-appointed room is, of course, insufficient alone to justify a visit by the most discerning rake. Besides the residential atmosphere provided by the shikumen-style architecture, the many garden-esque paths leading to each suite from the main entrance help to enhance the sense of privacy, allowing guests to move incognito, should they wish to indulge in some old Shanghai spy-drama fantasies.

When you finally manage to leave your room, you might still find it hard to leave the hotel compound. The excellent and Michelin-starred restaurant by Pierre Gagnaire is a treat, as is La Boulangerie, if you are after something simple and quick. What you need to reserve ample time for, though, is the Auriga Spa. The treatments appear at first glance to be your standard luxury-spa fare, but look closer and you'll find flotation pods, something you almost never see in China. These pods are filled with salted water, so one becomes buoyant when inside. Sensory stimuli are minimised, and a heightened sense of relaxation is achieved. It seems that Capella Shanghai does not only aim to take you back in time, but is ready to take you through space.

By the time you are reading this, China will have removed all obstacles to visits by international travellers, though despite the encouraging move, a return to the days of jet-setting between China and the world is going to be an uphill battle amid the current geopolitical tension. Fortunately, rakish men and women will refuse to be deterred, for they have long established a sense of interconnectedness. For them, travel is a lifestyle that will not cede ground to the political agenda. If you plan to visit Shanghai in the near future, or if you are a local reader who lives in the city, the urban sanctuary that is the Capella Shanghai comes highly recommended.

RANCH DRESSING

What is rural needn't be parochial. When we find ourselves far from the madding crowd, how we dress remains an expression of who we are and how we wish to be. This much was true on THE RAKE*'s recent trip to South Africa...*

photography **john rowley** *fashion direction* **holly macnaghten**

Opening spread:
Cream linen single-breasted suit, **Brunello Cucinelli**; silk pocket-square, **Thomas Pink**; blue silk knitted tie, **Canali**; denim shirt, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

Opposite page:
White linen shirt and vest, **Sunspel**; white Gurkha trousers, **Canali**; brown suede loafers, **Crockett & Jones**; brown leather and gold watch, BR 03-92 Diver White Bronze, **Bell & Ross**.

This page:
Khaki suede leather overshirt, **Brunello Cucinelli**; cream cotton shorts, **Berluti**: brown leather belt, brown suede loafers, both **Crockett & Jones**; watch, Spirit Flyback, **Longines**.

White linen overshirt, **Brioni**; neckerchief, **Anderson & Sheppard**; denim jeans, **Polo Ralph Lauren**; silver watch, BR 05 GMT White, **Bell & Ross**; sunglasses, **Persol**.

This page:
White cotton crew-neck T-shirt, **Sunspel**; denim shirt, **Polo Ralph Lauren**; jeans, **Frame**; brown leather belt, **Crockett & Jones**; watch, Spirit Flyback, **Longines**; neckerchief, *stylist's own*.

Opposite page:
Cream knitted T-shirt, **John Smedley**; navy linen trousers, **Richard Anderson**; denim bomber jacket (worn over shoulder), **Canali**; sunglasses, **Oliver Peoples**; tan suede loafers, **Harrys of London**.

Sage-green patch-pocket linen shorts, brown linen smock shirt, both **Flax London**; brown leather belt, **Crockett & Jones**; Panama hat, **Lock & Co**.

This page:
Olive knit cardigan, **Luca Faloni**; camel knitted silk-blend T-shirt, **John Smedley**; white cotton shorts, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; tan suede loafers; **Harry's of London**; watch, Flying Spirit **Longines**.

Opposite page:
Mustard linen safari jacket, **Private White V.C.**; white collarless shirt, **Flax London**; white cotton shorts, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; Panama hat, **Lock & Co**.

Blue linen shirt, **Vilebrequin**; navy blue Merino wool jumper, **John Smedley** (worn over shoulders); cream linen blend trousers, **Berluti**; deck shoes, **Sebago**.

This page:
Khaki-green swim shorts, **Vilebrequin**.

Opposite page:
Cream and yellow camp-collar wool shirt, **King & Tuckfield**; sunglasses, **Persol**.

This page:
Orange stripe cotton shirt, **Canali**; cream linen-blend double-breasted blazer and linen trousers, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**.

Opposite page:
Tan cashmere T-shirt, **Connolly**; suede bomber jacket, **Richard James**; denim jeans, **Citizens of Humanity**; watch, Spirit Flyback, **Longines**; sunglasses, **Oliver Peoples**.

Cream cable-knit jumper, **Luca Faloni**; tan suede bomber jacket, **Richard James**; navy linen trousers, **Anderson & Sheppard**; sunglasses, **Oliver Peoples**.

GROOMING: LISA VALENCIA @ ARLINGTON
MODEL: DYLAN ARMSTRONG AT LINDEN STAUB
USING PATRICKS HAIR AND SKINCARE
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compendium

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD; **PREMIER LEAGUE;** PORTRAIT OF A PHOTOGRAPHER; **NA NA NA NAAAAAAH, NA NA NERRRRR.**

CHARLES-ELIE LATHION

A Rolex Perpetual 1908.

WATCHES AND WONDERS 2023

The trade show is dead, long live the trade show! THE RAKE *braves the crowds, tries to avoid the phrase 'wrist game', and compiles the top 10 watches and brands from this year's fair in Geneva...*

by ***justin hast***

It wasn't long ago that questions were being asked about the value of big trade shows. Well, the latest edition of Watches and Wonders surely answered all the critics. With the Asian markets now able to attend, it was busier than ever, and I think the exhibitors and organisers were taken back by just how occupied they were. While there wasn't a 'star' of the show, according to many of the attendees I spoke to, the sentiment was that it was a consistent year across the industry, with optimism the order of the day.

Let me share my top 10 watches from the fair.

Rolex Perpetual 1908

You thought I was going there. And I was tempted, but we have pushed the emoji Rolex Day-Date to one side to focus on something that feels more appropriate on these pages: the new Rolex 1908. It was the watch nobody asked for but most gravitated towards. The generally unpopular Cellini line has now gone and been replaced by the 1908, a watch that, to my eye, has a little more flair and character. The Perpetual 1908 is inspired by an Oyster Perpetual from 1931 and comes in a quartet of new models in 18k yellow- or white-gold 39mm cases, each paired with a black or white dial. There are applied Arabic markers at 12, three and nine, with batons in between, and the winner here is the observatoire-style hour hand. There is just enough design to garner attention. The dials are also great. Rolex calls the white dial an 'intense white'.

What I particularly like is the idea that authorised dealers may now have a waitlist for a non-steel sports watch from Rolex.

Cartier Platinum Tank Normale

The presentation from Cartier was something else — a seemingly endless wave of new watch after new watch, each more striking in its fusion of audacious jewellery and horological execution. For this model, the Parisian makers leant on their extensive archives. The Platinum Tank falls into the Collection Privé (the platform for reviving previous watch models from Cartier). The collection revives the Privé Tank Normale, which is itself a reinterpretation of the first Tank model. The Tank Normale takes its inspiration from the original design by Louis Cartier in 1917, based on the Renault FT light tanks utilised by the French army. Because of its timeless design, the Tank has been restyled or reincarnated in various shapes and sizes through the decades. Aside from its beauty, the Tank Normale is powered by Cartier manual calibres, namely the cal. 070. For me, the platinum model was the standout across the two executions (platinum and yellow-gold). Classically proportioned and reminiscent of another Normale previously owned by the American First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and with the usual Roman numerals and blued sword hands, it is elegance personified. Cartier continue their upward trajectory.

IWC Ingenieur 40

Strangely, IWC have sat on a Gerald Genta design since the 1970s, and to the frustration of many collectors they have opted not to make any upgrades or reissues of note. That is, until now. The steel sports watch that joins Genta's highlights reel — alongside the Royal Oak and Nautilus — is an all-time classic among the initiated. A full redesign of the case, dial and bracelet have enabled this refreshed Ingenieur to look and feel like the real deal.

What IWC have done is remarkable. They have improved vastly on the original in terms of wearability while honouring the DNA of the original design. Enhanced ergonomics have been achieved with the original H-link bracelet having been narrowed and the nose-shaped horns swapped for a re-engineered, moveable middle-link attachment, which falls better on different-sized wrists. A slight curve in the case ring further makes the piece sit well (the watch is a three-part construction: bezel, case ring and caseback). The most obvious change is the bezel. The original SL had a five-recess bezel that was screwed in and secured with five pins. It screwed down like the top of a jar, which meant the orientation of the recesses ended up being inconsistent from one watch to the next. The Pilot range at IWC now has a real competitor.

A. Lange & Söhne Odysseus Chronograph

Whether you are a fan of the German manufacturer's take on a sports watch, you can't but respect them. They came to the show with a singular watch that is limited to 100 pieces and is so bold it must be celebrated. The model has achieved a lot in just a few years, having been launched in 2019. This is the first complication, and the movement development started before the introduction of the first model in 2019 — nuts! The Odysseus is a chronograph, but not as you know it. It boasts dual-function pushers, which are incredibly clever, and the centrally mounted chronograph minutes hand — in particular, the way it has been engineered to re-set — is taking the concept of recording elapsed time and reformatting it for a new model. This is Lange being even more Lange.

F.P. Journe Francis Ford Coppola

While F.P. Journe were not at the show, they did launch an outstanding watch that we felt deserved inclusion here. It is a production version of the ingenious one-off FFC Blue 'Francis Ford Coppola' created for Only Watch 2021 (which sold for CHf4.5m, setting a record for

Clockwise from top: **IWC Ingenieur 40; A. Lange & Söhne Odysseus Chronograph; and a Cartier Tank Normale in platinum.**

Left to right:
F.P. Journe Francis Ford Coppola; Chopard L.U.C 1860.

the watchmaker at auction). Strangely, or possibly not — as this was Geneva during the busiest few days in the horological calendar — I spotted a gentleman wearing this pièce unique in the wild. It's fair to say I was taken aback. The watch features an animated hand that counts out the hours from one to 12 by extending or retracting its fingers instantaneously, while the minutes hand is displayed on a rotating disc. It has been executed in platinum with an openworked dial that features an imposing sculpted hand made of titanium along with titanium movement bridges. The hand, I hear you ask, is inspired by a mechanical prosthetic hand invented by Ambroise Paré (1510-1590), the father of modern surgery. The life-like movements of the fingers are governed by a set of cams that actuate levers responsible for extending or retracting the individual fingers. The movement is the Octa calibre 1300.3, which is characterised by a one-metre-long mainspring! Could you imagine rocking one at a dinner party? The conversation would be interesting. All in, this solidifies F.P. Journe's reputation as one of the most celebrated watchmakers.

Chopard L.U.C 1860

To many on the ground, Chopard quietly stole the show with a restrained salmon-dial dress watch. In recent years, L.U.C watches from Chopard (the brand's top-tier offering, launched in 1997) have been gathering momentum in the purist collector community. Well balanced and beautifully finished, they have been undervalued in the pre-owned market for too long.

At first glance the new L.U.C 1860 is a lot like the old 1860: a 36.5mm case that measures 8.2mm in thickness, a guilloché gold dial, and a COSC-certified, Geneva-sealed micro-rotor calibre. It is inspired by the past, and the key was balancing the old with the new. Chopard nailed this perfectly with the L.U.C 1860 in Lucent Steel, creating one of their best time-only watches, maybe the best since the original L.U.C 1860 of 1997. The steel case is paired with a salmon dial that's closer to a copper hue and sets it apart from the lighter salmon colour of the original. This pairs nicely with the steel case, which is also a bit darker than the original white-gold or platinum. Chopard calls its steel 'lucent' because of the way it glows, and they've managed to achieve a similar quality with the salmon-copper dial. What a watch!

Vacheron Constantin Patrimony Retrograde

This year was the year of the retrograde at Vacheron Constantin. It is a complication, or method of time telling, that the Geneva manufacturers have developed over decades, and it is interesting that it's a visual Vacheron have grown to almost own, with few other makers exploring retrogrades in modern executions. So when I heard there would be a platinum Patrimony with salmon dial (arguably their most elegant dress watch, worn by Brunello Cucinelli, among others), I was keen to get my hands on it. This 42.5mm reference offers a highly legible Retrograde Day-Date in a platinum case with sunburst dial. Look closer at the dial and you will see a minute track

Clockwise from top left: The Piaget vintage-inspired commission; Laurent Ferrier Classic Micro-Rotor Evergreen; Panerai Radiomir California PAM01349.

The Vacheron Constantin Patrimony Retrograde.

that is composed of delicate diamond-polished white-gold spheres. The applied baton white-gold hour indices are shorter on the top to make room for the retrograde date.

This is a fine modern take on a historically important model.

Panerai Radiomir California PAM01349

Panerai came to the show this year swinging. The focus? Classics with a twist. The Radiomir California PAM01349 is a vintage Panerai lover's dream. What must be celebrated is the fact that Panerai have slimmed down the case size to 45mm in this lineage and nailed a finish it calls 'Brunito': hand-applied, patinated, and, to translate to English, 'burnished'.

The California dial is also a wonderful canvas on which to showcase these improvements, being as it is an important part of the brand's history (a California dial notably features half the dial in Roman numerals, the other half in Arabic, with a dash for three, six and nine, and an inverted triangle for 12). It was used in the 1930s and patented by Rolex in 1941. The California dial was known as the 'error-proof' dial for its readability in low-light combat conditions.

We know and love Panerai for their sporty robustness, but this year the PAM01349 reminded us not to forget their elegant, understated roots.

Laurent Ferrier Classic Micro-Rotor Evergreen

Laurent Ferrier are one of the insider independents. They are the maker you go to when you've had it all. The brand — known for their tactile 'Galet', or pebble-shaped, cases and a founder who took a podium spot at Le Mans alongside Paul Newman — are the epitome of understated elegance. This year Laurent Ferrier introduced a couple of watches connected by a rich green dial: the Square Micro-Rotor Evergreen and the Classic Micro-Rotor Evergreen. Neither is a new case shape, but the brushed Evergreen dial is the first one in a vertical satin-brush finish on any micro-rotor model. And while the wait for one may stretch into the years at this point, it would be worth it.

A Piaget vintage-inspired commission

I have to confess: I have long had a thing for the lug-less Andy Warhol watch from Piaget. With a tiered gold case and stone dial, it is as eccentric as it is recognisable. So when I saw Piaget at Watches and Wonders and they mentioned that a collector had commissioned 10 stone-dial executions of that very watch, you bet I was salivating. While not technically a new release from the show, I couldn't resist including it here. Warhol acquired at least 10 Piaget pieces during his lifetime, the eclectic nature of which speaks to his anarchic yet somehow highly ordered style of collecting. In recent years collectors in the know have been snapping up vintage Piaget — you heard it here first. If the manufacture can build on the momentum they garnered at the show, and lean further into jewellery-style watches (much like Cartier), they will be a major force in years to come.

TEMPORAL

LEAGUE OF ITS OWN

Eighty years after its debut, Breitling's Premier collection is once more offered as a beacon of hope at a particularly poignant moment.

by **tom chamberlin**

From left to right: **Breitling Premier B01 Chronograph 42 on stainless steel bracelet; Breitling Premier B01 Chronograph 42 on brown leather strap; Breitling Premier B01 Chronograph 42 on brown leather strap.**

Breitling Premier B01
Chronograph 42 on
black leather strap.

Left: Breitling Premier B01 Chronograph 42 on 18K red-gold bracelet.

Right: Breitling C.E.O. Georges Kern.

It's hard for anyone who wishes to set up a new luxury brand today. The consensus among enthusiasts, and therefore communication whizzes, is that a brand's history is the yoke on which its existence is carried. You see it in campaigns, press releases and design inspirations. One brand uncovers a sketch in its archives; another understands its links to the military, sport or adventure. The product reflects it, and the customer buys into it. As the world renowned watch collector Shary Rahman puts it, "I usually collect for three reasons, one of them being the pedigree and history of the watch brand. The story it has to tell can be very important."

By 1943 Willy Breitling was a highly regarded manufacturer of aircraft instrumentation as well as tool watches.

With this in mind, could the new Breitling Premier collection be an exercise in bandwagon jumping? I'll leave my conclusion to the end (no fun in spoiling things), but first, let's go back 80 years — to discover what this range means to Breitling and how the latest collection has added another thoroughbred to the company's stable. As Shary also said: "Breitling is one such brand with a storied past, and it successfully relies on the richness of its history to execute newer models like the Premier line. Breitling's ethos in producing watches that are considered 'instruments for professionals' is its unique and very attractive USP to a watch collector interested in aviation."

Before we delve deeper, allow me to tell a story.

In 1943 the Battle of Britain had been won, and it was the year the North Africa campaign would come to a close and the Battle of the Atlantic would be (largely) concluded. All eyes were on mainland Europe, which was ravaged. One of the perverse effects of war is the lightning speed with which innovation takes place. During the second world war, aviation was one of the most notable areas of advancement, from the Gee and Oboe navigation systems to all 24 varieties of Spitfire. This is where Willy Breitling comes in.

By 1943 he was already a highly regarded manufacturer of aircraft instrumentation as well as tool watches — he invented the first two-pusher chronograph in 1934 and patented the Breitling Chronomat in 1940. The on-board chronograph he invented would go on to be used across several airlines. But back to 1943: he wisely reckoned that beyond the tormented world everyone was experiencing at that point, there would be a new optimism — and he should prepare for it. So he began work on a series of watches that encapsulated that optimism, and the Premier collection was born.

Eighty years on, the new collection (the first reintroduction was in 2021) is not so much a nod to the 1940s designs as a reinforcement of Breitling's enthusiasm and hope, a message that better days will dawn, and that when they do, those moments should be marked.

Clockwise from top left:
Breitling Premier B01 Chronograph 42 on brown leather strap; Breitling Premier B01 Chronograph 42 on brown leather strap; Breitling Premier B01 Chronograph 42 on stainless steel bracelet.

Breitling Premier B01 Chronograph 42 on brown leather strap.

This watch is a bold leap from the action-man utility watches that Breitling do better than anyone else. It is, in fact, what an action man wears when more elegant requirements are made of his time.

The collection's full name is the Premier B01, as it features Breitling's B01 movement — in-house movements are part of the technical swagger that Breitling are showing. A brand's heritage might be sacrosanct, but without technical credentials, it is hard for anyone to keep up with the competition. Breitling are making several statements — aesthetic, historical and technical.

In 2017 Georges Kern and the private equity group CDC bought 80 per cent of Breitling at a valuation of a billion dollars. By the end of 2022 it was valued at $4.5bn. If there was anyone in the watch industry who was able to give Breitling a new and exciting string to their bow — one that didn't alienate the devotee but attracted new clients — it was Kern. He did the same at IWC, which leveraged Hollywood, history and glamour to reformat how everyone felt about watch brands, and the industry followed suit.

Kern tells *The Rake*: "Today's Premier follows the same philosophy, showcasing Breitling's watchmaking expertise and modern-retro design style. This collection is all about little details, luxurious materials and challenging complications. And the name Premier still represents the company's unwavering commitment to quality. Willy Breitling called it Premier because it was Breitling's first venture into the world of style, but also to say that it was 'top of the line'. He wanted these watches to have the best designs, materials and movements available at the time."

The collection features six new models, five in stainless steel, one in gold. The dial has a variety of colours — black, blue, salmon, green and cream. Each colour has a tone-on-tone chronograph, and there are options for an alligator strap or seven-row bracelet. Each, therefore, displays a different personality, and the prospective wearer will instinctively know what is missing from their collection, or what goes best with their outfits. I could see the green version go beautifully with a dark green velvet smoking jacket, or the blue model with a navy suit; the salmon could go with practically anything. The in-house movement will be visible through the sapphire caseback.

Breitling's Premier is what an action man wears when more elegant requirements are made of his time.

Any flagship product for Breitling these days indulges in some fifties Americana fantasy. They are made beautifully and remind us of an era when flight and adventure were reaching new heights, as the skies could be so easily conquered and new lands discovered. The world now seems just as much within Breitling's grasp as they seek to conquer elegant and sophisticated watch wearing. It is nice to see them reaching for it so confidently.

Hugo Burnand and Tom Chamberlin
in the Circus Room at Mark's Club.

‘WHEN SOMEONE LOOKS AT A PORTRAIT, I WANT THEM TO FEEL ENGAGED — LIKE THEY’RE IN A CONVERSATION’

In an interview that took place before the coronation of King Charles, the event’s official photographer, Hugo Burnand, takes THE RAKE *behind the scenes of a once-in-a-lifetime photoshoot.*

by **tom chamberlin** *special thanks to* **mark’s club** *photography* **kim lang**

I’ve had quite a long relationship photographing both the King and Queen. I started photographing Camilla Parker Bowles about five years before she got married [to Charles, in 2005]. She then asked me to photograph their wedding. That led to him quite liking what I’d done at the wedding, and he asked me to take some pictures of him only. Then he asked me to photograph the boys, so when William got married, I stepped in there and did that. It was a sort of progression rather than suddenly overnight.

When someone looks at a photograph I’ve taken of somebody, I want the viewer to feel engaged with that person, almost like they’re in conversation with them. Which means that you, as a photographer, have to photograph not just the line, the cuff, the suit, the light — whatever — I’ve got to try to get an emotion into that picture as well. And if I can capture that emotion, then you, as the viewer, hopefully will pick up on that emotion. That obviously changes for each occasion. At the same time, it’s important, you know — we’ve got quite a big occasion coming up, but I don’t want to be any different to what I normally am, because so many other things have changed, including the king. But if he walks into the room to have his photograph taken and I’m suddenly not the human that he knows, that’s going to be unsettling and it’s going to be different and we’re not going to get this emotion through the lens because he’s going to be thinking, Who’s that, I thought we got Hugo.

“If something goes wrong, you need the players to be able to accommodate it, so we practise things going wrong.”

It’s quite difficult to move around [central] London on the day [of the coronation]. So me and my team are going to cycle to the palace in the morning and we’re going to stay in the palace all day. The throne room is going to become our second home.

This is one of the cameras I will be using on the day. I love this camera. I always used to be a medium-format Hasselblad portrait photographer — when we were in the days of film — and I loved my camera. I still have it, although I haven’t used it now in 11 years. I have this [rule], that we [must] have back-up, so if I’ve got a light that stops working, we have a back-up for that light. We also have back-up for the back-up.

I don’t think I ever really got comfortable with digital portraiture, for many reasons. Then I picked up this camera and took a portrait with it, and it was so odd to fall back in love with a craft, a trade, an art, a passion, whatever it was — to fall back in love with it, although I didn’t think I’d ever fallen out of love with it. But this camera reignited what I used to feel when I used the Hasselblad.

When Fujifilm realised there wasn’t going to be quite such demand for film, they put their work toward the task of creating a digital camera that is really interesting. This camera was basically designed and created by people who love photography and film, so it came from a completely different place from many other digital cameras.

There’s so many little details we need to be fully informed on beyond just photography. For an example, what angle should one hold a sceptre at, and what does it signify — do you hold it this way or that way? Also, there’s a technical exercise going on, which I really like — the series of photographs we’re going to take are telling a story, as well as being of the moment. It becomes like theatre, because when we’ve created these little scenes in our head and we put them on paper, it takes about three days to set everything up and test it. Then we do a dress rehearsal with stand-ins, and we [time] it so we know exactly how long it’s going to take. We know with any good theatre that if something goes wrong you need all the players to be able to accommodate and ad-lib, so we do practise things going wrong.

The deadlines involved are often things like trying to get onto the balcony to [capture the royals greeting the crowds or a fly-past] — neither of which you can say, “Oh, hang on, the photographer needs a few more minutes”. So we really do have to fit in with the timeframe we’re given.

We spent time in the royal archives at Windsor Castle going through all the photographs that have ever been taken of coronations — obviously there aren’t that many, because photography was really invented during the reign of Queen Victoria, so Edward VII was the first coronation that we have any photographic record of. People weren’t used to photographs in those days, they were [familiar with] paintings, so when these photographs came out they actually painted onto the photograph to make people more comfortable with the concept, whereas today we are going to see photographs on iPads, magazine covers, wherever we’re going to see them. So, there’s a different style of photography.

Portraits from the coronation of King Charles III and Queen Camilla.

Hugo (third from the left) and his team — Una Burnand, Rob Simpson, Iain Lewis, Alex Lloyd and Luis Ureña — ride to the palace on coronation day.

KITTY PHILLIPS

Top right: The 'for-the-hell-of-it' picture on the king's 60th birthday in 2008.

Left: The wedding portrait of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 2011.

King Charles and Queen Camilla.

There are a few favourites [of mine] over the years. Some of them are very private, as in they haven't been seen by the public. Actually, the first photograph I ever took of the King and Queen together is one of my favourite photos; I sent it to him recently, just reminding him of it. It was when they walked down the aisle in St. George's Chapel, having just got married — [Charles] is so happy and he is beaming like you've never seen before, and [Camilla] is looking very beautiful. I had the luck of the wind just catching in the coat and the dress, and whatever. It's just a moment, and I was so lucky to get that picture. But as for more public ones: on his 60th birthday, the portrait then, I love that because we'd done a shoot, the pair of us had done a shoot, photographing him in various uniforms, and we decided to do one that we referred to as the "for-the-hell-of-it" picture at the end of the shoot. I referenced a painting I thought was a John Singer Sargent painting, but actually it was a Tissot painting of Frederick Burnaby. We discussed it and then did our own version of it, which was sitting on a chair like this, with his arm up, and you get the stripe of the trousers. I really liked that because I liked the way we came about it, and he was polite enough to not tell me that I got the artist wrong. I thought it was very polite of him. But it's become an iconic image representing our king today, so how could I not be proud of that?

I'm really happy that you [chose] this [portrait of Charles] for your cover [for issue 87 of *The Rake*]. I feel you can converse with the individual you are looking at. This was a picture that again was a collaboration of ideas. We referred back to the 60th birthday portrait, how we liked it and wanted not necessarily to recreate it but to use it as a benchmark. So we literally took the chair into the garden.

"He was polite enough to not tell me I got the artist wrong. But it's become an iconic image of our king today."

The last coronation portrait photographer, Cecil Beaton, was a great man, great photographer, ahead of his time. We now look at the imagery and think that it illustrated the time. At the time, I think he made a few people sit up with what he'd done. I think it's important to play your own game, the game that got you there in the first place. I think it's a bit risky to start changing too much, but that doesn't mean to say that I'm not looking for any opportunity just to even up our own game and do something that might make people sit up and say, "Woah, O.K."

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BOO GEORGE

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

Indiana Jones was that rare bird, an academic action hero — radical, erudite, self-aware and vulnerable. But what about that hat...

RAKE INCARNATE

by **ed cripps**

In May 1977, George Lucas went on holiday to Hawaii, to escape the delirium surrounding the release of *Star Wars*. Fellow director Steven Spielberg also happened to be there, taking a breather from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Spielberg said he wanted to make a Bond film next, but Lucas had an idea "better than James Bond", and pitched his story for *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Spielberg loved it, lauding it as "a James Bond film without the hardware", though he had one small note. Instead of Indiana Smith, the hero should be called Indiana Jones.

Inspirations for Dr. Henry Walton 'Indiana' Jones Jr. are multifarious, span decades, and draw on a mix of fiction and real life. Lucas and Spielberg openly admired the serial films and pulp fiction of the 1930s, but the character also channels hints of Sean Connery's Bond. Allan Quatermain, from *King Solomon's Mines*, and Professor Challenger, from Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*, were also strong influences. So, too, perhaps more surprisingly, was Scrooge McDuck, the fabled adventurer and uncle of Donald.

Tom Selleck was originally cast in the role, until CBS refused to release him from his contract for their hit T.V. show *Magnum P.I.* (whose Hawaii setting echoes George and Steven's seminal holiday). With less than three weeks before the shoot started, the part went to Harrison Ford, a choice Lucas initially resisted, as he didn't want Ford (with whom he'd worked a few times) to become known as "my Bobby" — the De Niro to his Scorsese.

It's impossible to imagine anyone else in the role. Radically erudite, vulnerable and self-aware, he's an academic action hero, a non-superhero superhero, with a chronic phobia of snakes and incisive wit. When he gets hurt, he feels it. Ford has described him as both a romantic and a cynic, which fires into his lovely chemistry with childhood sweetheart Marion (Karen Allen). When Marion comments on his aging body while tending to his wounds, he retorts, "It's not the years, honey, it's the mileage" (a Ford ad-lib).

He also has impeccable style, the reflection of his personality and needs. Spielberg and Lucas requested that costume designer Deborah Nadoolman Landis give the character a distinctive silhouette, the most crucial component of which was the hat. After considering many options, they settled on a tall-crowned, wide-brimmed fedora. For the first three films, it was supplied by Herbert Johnson, the (as of recently) Bond Street hatters behind Patrick Macnee's bowler in *The Avengers* (Ford and Nadoolman sat on it, to give it a more 'lived-in' look). It also serves a genuine practical purpose, and the hat became so iconic that the films' creators would let it come off only for good reason (or as a joke), prompting the urban myth that Ford went as far as stapling the hat to his head.

The rest of his look was largely military in influence. The leather jacket was a hybrid of a Type 440 and the A-2 flight jacket. The safari-style shirt was designed by the Cypriot tailor Andreas Dometakis, complemented by world war II army officer trousers and Mark VII gas mask bag, plus a bullwhip. The shoes, made by the Massachusetts-based company Alden, were model 405 boots. So iconic is the look that the fedora and leather jacket from *The Last Crusade* remain on display at the Smithsonian to this day.

Indy's background has intriguing auto-biographical overlaps. With a family of Scottish descent, he grew up in Princeton, New Jersey and is a tenured Professor of Archaeology at Marshall College in Connecticut. Like both Spielberg and Lucas, he's a former Scout. Like Spielberg, he lacks a proper father figure. This is smartly explored in *The Last Crusade*, in which Sean Connery (only 12 years older than Ford) plays his father, Henry Jones Sr. — a Freudian masterpiece of casting given Connery's original influence on the character. Connery pointedly calls his son "Junior" and has a Victorian approach to parenting. In an excellent scene on a Zeppelin, Indy asks his father, "Do you remember the last time we had a quiet drink? I had a milkshake. We didn't talk. We never talked." His dad blames him ("You left just when you were becoming interesting"). There's even a suggestion they both slept with the same woman.

Indy first appeared in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981). Set in 1936, he must beat the Nazis to find the Ark of the Covenant, an artefact rumoured to make an army invincible. *The Temple of Doom* (1984) was a darker prequel, about cults, mystical stones and human sacrifice. The bleaker tone was said to reflect the moods of Spielberg and Lucas following their respective break-ups. In *The Last Crusade* (1989), Indy searches for his father, an itinerant scholar kidnapped by the Nazis while looking for the Holy Grail. Since then, Indy's appeared in *The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles* (whose young lead, River Phoenix, had already played Ford's son in *The Mosquito Coast*), various novels and comic books, and the 1950s-set *Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* (2008) with Cate Blanchett's bobbed Soviet agent.

Now Ford is 80, and Spielberg and Lucas in their seventies, it's poignant and telling they're returning to the character with a fifth film, *The Dial of Destiny*, directed by James Mangold. Indiana Jones's legacy is palpable to this day, from *The Da Vinci Code* to Lara Croft (which *Dial of Destiny* co-star Phoebe Waller-Bridge will soon be rebooting for Amazon). His intellect, panache and flawed charisma remain the pole star for action adventure on screen.

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